BRITANNIA and EVE

AUGUST
1943

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1/3

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Pocket Elegance

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LOOK FOR THE REGISTERED EAR-PIECE
All the better for the 'Zwow' Pocket Placket Fastening

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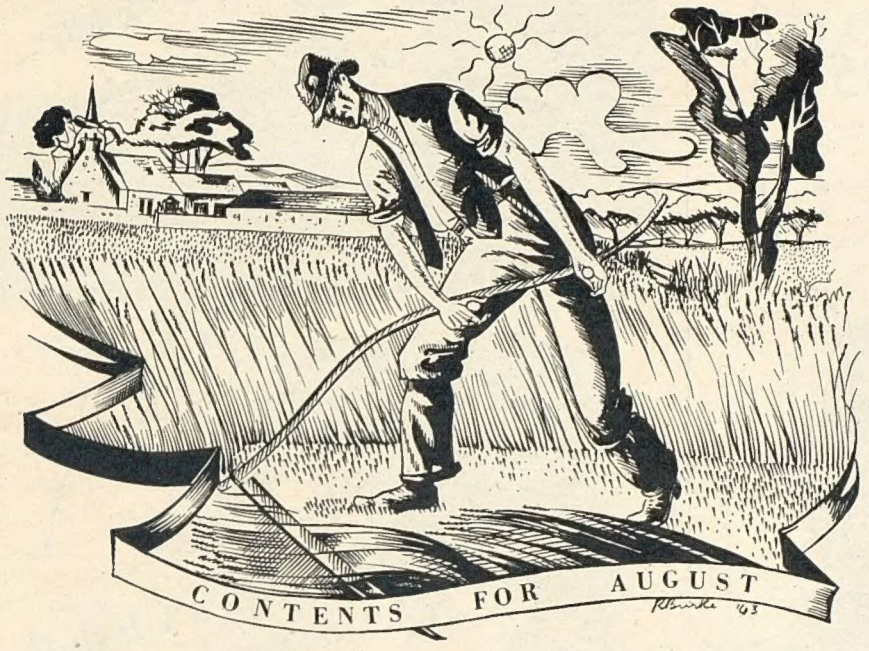
Scientific

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 27, No. 2 AUGUST, 1943



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by *Heade*

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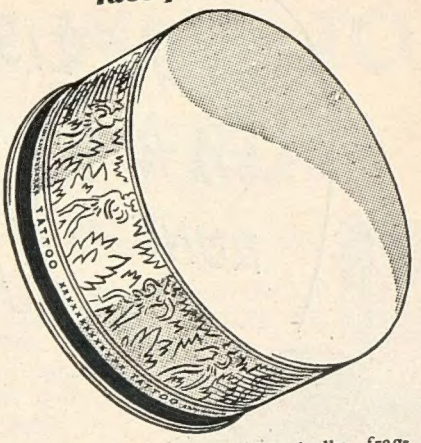
All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.

Peach-blossom youthfulness satin-textured, stay-on face powder by Tattoo!



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On shirts of 'Viyella'—or maybe 'Clydella'—
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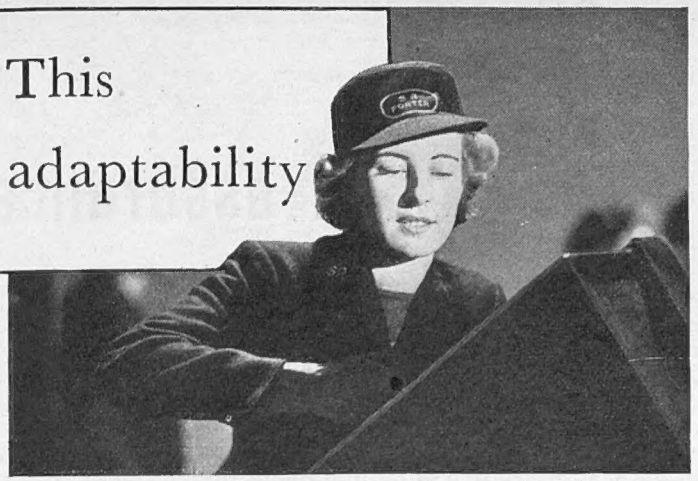

Her day is a hard one, her work heavy and fatiguing. But she shoulders her unaccustomed tasks with cheerful vigour. And success. . . .
We can't all be women railway porters. But we can all remember their example of willing adaptability. . . .
We can all bring something of this spirit to our daily life. . . .
So that by our united labour and self-sacrifice the victory will be won, and another glorious chapter in our history written. . . .

The Standard Motor Co. Ltd., Coventry

Mother!
Child's Best Laxative is
'California Syrup of Figs'

When your child is constipated, bilious, has colic or diarrhœa, a teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative sweetens the stomach and promptly cleans the bowels of poisons, souring food and waste. Never cramps or overacts. Children love its delicious taste.

Ask for 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for infants in arms, and for children of all ages. Obtainable everywhere at 1/4 and 2/6. Mother! You must say 'CALIFORNIA.'

SIMPLE WAYS TO BOTTLE FRUIT

Fruit bottling is really quite easy, though of course you must do it with care and exactness. Why not try your hand at it this year and so have a store of fruit to add a touch of summer to your winter meals.

A favourite method of bottling fruit is the Oven Method, of which full details are given below. For this, as for all other methods, the fruit should be just right. It is a waste of time to bottle over-ripe or bruised fruit.

THE JARS YOU NEED

You can choose from :—
(*a*) Screw-band preserving jar — rubber ring, glass lid, screw-band.
(*b*) Spring-clip preserving jar — rubber ring, metal lid, spring clip.
(*c*) Jam jars, sealed with snap closure; rubber ring, metal lid, spring clip.

OVEN METHOD

1. Wash and drain jars.
2. Pack them tightly with the fruit, almost to the top of the jars.
3. Place in a very moderate oven (about 240° F.) on a piece of cardboard or several thicknesses of paper. The jars should be covered with the lids (leave off the rubber rings) to prevent the fruit from charring.

Fill and seal, one at a time.

4. Leave in the oven until the fruit appears cooked and has shrunk a little (¾ to 1 hour).
5. Remove *one jar at a time*, place on a mat or folded newspaper and pour boiling water into it to cover the fruit.
6. Seal *immediately* with the rubber ring, lid, and clip or screw-band. The screw-band may need tightening as the jar cools. It is important to complete each jar before taking the next from the oven, because everything must be kept hot.
7. Test the next day. Remove the screw-band or clip; if the seal is perfect, it should be possible to lift the jar by the lid. If the lid comes off, the seal is imperfect, and the fruit will not keep, and such faulty bottles must be re-done, or used within a few days.

NOTE. If you have a little sugar to spare, it is worth making a syrup and using it instead of plain boiling water. Dissolve from 2 to 8 ozs. sugar according to the amount you have, in each pint of water. Boil for a few minutes, strain, and then use it exactly as directed for water. The sugar penetrates the fruit during storage and improves the flavour.

SOME OTHER SIMPLE METHODS

PULPING. This is a simple way of bottling stewed fruit, whether soft or hard. Windfall apples or bruised plums can be bottled this way if all bruised parts are removed first.

CAMPDEN METHOD. This is a very quick method, as the fruit does not need heating. It is particularly suitable for plums, but should not be used for blackberries, pears, dessert apples, gooseberries, tomatoes. Campden Tablets can be bought at most chemists.

STERILISING. For this you need a deep pan — a zinc pail or bath will do, as long as it is large enough to allow water to come well over the jars placed in it.

SEND FOR LEAFLET

Details of these methods are given in the leaflet "Bottling Fruit without Sugar." A postcard only, please, to the Ministry of Food, Food Advice Service, London, W.1.

(S68)

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD

FROM AUSTINS TO AUSTIN OWNERS

MORE THAN A BEAUTY TREATMENT . . .

Even on war work, it's poor strategy to hide a good car under a bushel of dirt. Cellulose and plating must be clean to stay healthy. Both today are needed for war production. If, through neglect, coachwork has to be reconditioned, the materials and labour involved won't do the Country (or your pocket) any good. Wash coachwork when you can and apply reliable polish to put a protective film over the cellulose. Touch up blemishes at once—before the weather gets at them. Polish plated parts regularly and treat leather etc., with dressing.

Help your **AUSTIN** *to help the Country*

The AUSTIN MAGAZINE *may help you too—4d monthly*

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'FRESCOL' Deodorant will give self-assurance to every type and temperament under all circumstances and in every temperature. 'Frescol' should be applied freely and regularly. Women will find in 'Frescol' a charming solution of a difficulty that may have caused uneasiness.

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DEODORANT
A daily war-time necessity

PRICE 3/9

A COTY PRODUCT

Second Front...

The second front is launched — by Hershelle in this superb suit of black bouclé with its attached vest in coolest ice-blue. Notice the wide revers—a new and nice Hershelle touch!

Hershelle MODEL

. . . look for the name HERSHELLE on the label.

Her teeth are YOUR concern-

Every mother wants her children to grow up with strong, firm white teeth, *safe from the danger of decay*. The way to make sure of this is by giving the right care when they are young. Dentists advise the use of the one toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'*, which corrects acid mouth, so often the cause of dental trouble.

The toothpaste to ask for is Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Train your children to use it night and morning. They love its pleasant, mild flavour.

1/1d. and 1/10½d.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia

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★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

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★

Like many other good things, the demand for Phillips Rubbers exceeds the supply and your repairer may be temporarily out of stock—*but they are worth waiting for.*

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Are Still The Best

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The cold water way with Parozone is the Save Fuel way to Snow-White Linens and Cottons.

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Parozone brings new beauty to tiles and plain woodwork, new sparkle to crystal and glass. It renders drains and lavatories completely hygienic. Where Parozone goes health goes too . . . into every corner of the home.

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Parozone must not be applied near the eyes.

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PAROZONE

PRE-WAR QUALITY. PRE-WAR PRICE

Head Office: Glasgow. And at London and Nottingham

REMINDS YOU

Baby wants your care and attention in wartime more than ever, for the strain and anxiety felt by the mother are reflected in the little one. So keep up baby's health and spirits and pay a little more for *the best* even in wartime.

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COW & GATE MILK FOOD
"Babies love it."

MOTHER, DO THIS *for* FRETFUL BABY

You have seen the difference between babies whose sleep is deep and unbroken and babies who are restless, cross, cry at night. In the former a steady, healthy growth: in the latter, weight at a standstill — perhaps even a few precious ounces lost.

Guard against this, Mother! At the first sign of fretfulness or broken sleep, you can suspect stomach upset. Food is soured. The small bowels are constipated. No wonder baby cannot sleep.

The very minute these signs appear, give a little 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid. Nothing else so gently and surely sweetens the little stomach, regulates the tiny bowels, rids the small system of tormenting wind and soured matter. Then, when the digestion is regular and movements healthy, baby falls nightly into healthy, untroubled sleep. 'Milk of Magnesia' is recommended by Doctors and Nurses everywhere as the gentle and safe laxative antacid for babies.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

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Traditional quality
OLD SCOTCH WHISKY
in original OLD FASHIONED FLASK

Unsurpassed in quality although restricted in distribution by scarcity of old stocks.

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GRIGOR for VIGOR

Please leave Horlicks for those who need it most

ONE REASON why Horlicks is scarce is that it is included in emergency rations supplied to sailors and airmen, who may have to live for many days without normal supplies of food.

Horlicks also goes to hospitals, to certain war factories, and to miners who are doing vital work under most trying conditions.

Nevertheless, some Horlicks is still being supplied to the shops. Please leave it for those who need it most. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

The Home Front and Liberty Shoes

Women serving on the Home Front must look smart as well as work hard. That is why so many Walk with Liberty. The shoes are as correct and smart as a Naval salute. They set the highest standards in that subtle thing called style, besides giving perfect comfort and long hard wear.

Liberty Shoes Ltd.
LEICESTER

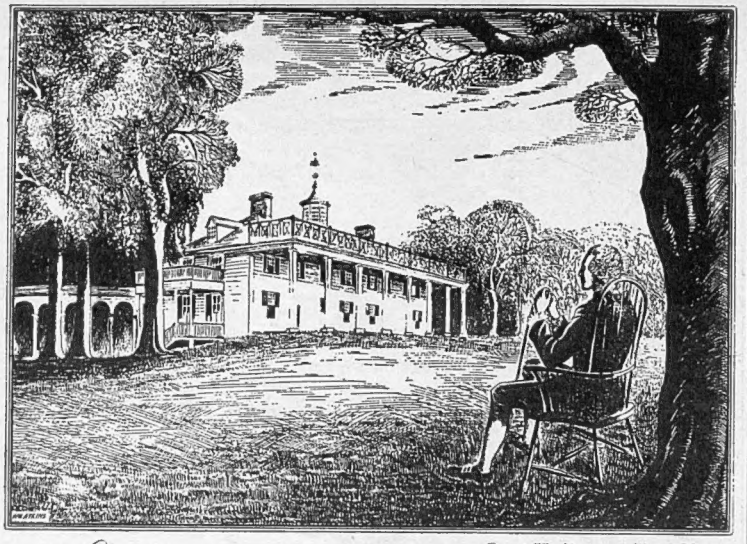
B.E.1

. . . But Mrs. Britain says

ah! BISTO

the Proof of the Biscuit is in the Eating!

WESTON



George Washington at Mount Vernon.

Since 1790...

After holding office as the first President of the United States for seven years, Washington retired to his home at Mount Vernon, Virginia in 1796, there to spend the remaining years of his life. Schweppes products were famous in Washington's day, but are temporarily retired in favour of a standard product decreed by the Ministry of Food to conserve essential materials and transport. May our American allies at no far distant date be able to join with us in celebration of victory final and complete.

Schweppes

Table Waters

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING

A battalion of kettles won't stop a tank

—that is a job for guns, shells, mines and bombs. So that industry can concentrate its energies on the weapons and supplies of war, the manufacture of most of the conveniences you knew in peacetime is drastically curtailed. Winning the war is Britain's first concern. When that is done there will be new and better G.E.C. Household Electric Appliances for your enjoyment.

G.E.C.

HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC APPLIANCES

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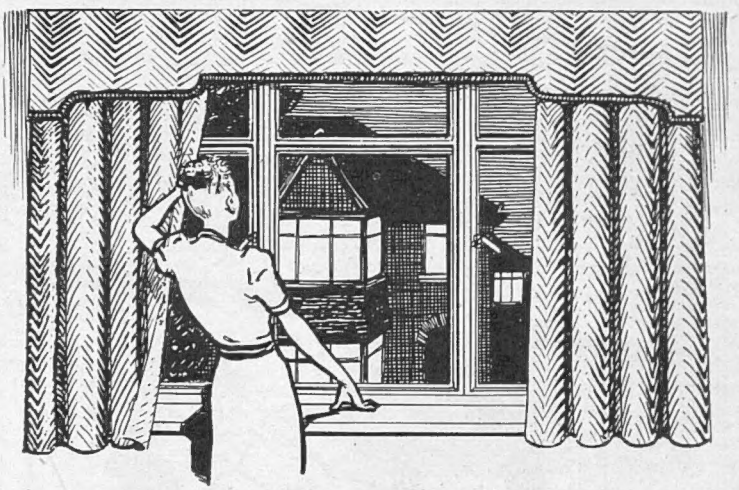
They're Friendly They're Smart They're Hutton's

In a full range of colours.
Ask for "Hutton" Shoes by name at Dolcis, Lilley & Skinner's, Saxone, and most good Shoe Shops.

Hutton of NORTHAMPTON

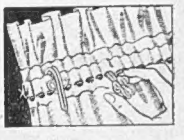


When we banish blackout

"Yes, madam, we shall be pleased to have your new curtains made up in our own workroom. Fitted with 'Rufflette' tape? Why certainly madam." 'Yes, it does still happen . . . occasionally. But not until the blackout is banished will there be enough to meet all demands. For supplies of "Rufflette" accessories, like all good things, are rationed these days.

'Rufflette' BRAND

CURTAIN TAPE (with woven pockets) also HOOKS, RINGS and RAILS



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A French's product.

Suddenly hungry, he chewed on a biscuit. He was trying to remember the instruction on Astral Ectoplasm. Eh, but it was hard to think

Security

The Story of a Seance That Predicted Victory

By Eric Baume

THE Staff Captain sat back against a brown stone with earth on it and roared with laughter. He laughed so much that he dropped his pipe, but the laughter was so satisfying to him that for deliberate moments he did not pick it up, and a lizard scurried from its stench.

Overhead two uncertain Stukas banked, to turn seaward. Three shell-bursts pitted a hillside 300 yards to his left. In a slit-trench which curled like a tapeworm into the wadi, British infantry smoked, slept, cursed, watched. They were the 1st Battalion of the Blankshires. They had been cut off beyond any hope of escape, unless some modern Moses could smite the rocks before them. They had dug themselves in by night, which had been their salvation. Now, in the full glare of noon, they glimpsed the aftermath, gauging as best they could the split circle of Axis iron which once had surrounded them. In the calm enjoyment of their victory they lounged close to their parent earth, awaiting new calls to movement. The strain of the night and the harsh terrors of its preceding afternoon had passed by them. Ahead was Wadi Zel, and Tunis.

The Staff Captain picked up his pipe. He was still laughing. Opposite him, in the extraordinary chocolate-box-badged cap the passionate art of the War Office, like Schiaparelli, had created for war correspondents, an angry, brown-faced giant was cursing into a field telephone. The sapper sergeant and his two blokes laughed at him with the Staff Captain, for there were no fol-de-rols with the First Army, and men died like men or lived like men, which is British.

The war correspondent, in angry New Zealand argot, smote fiercely the tympanum of the unfortunate instrument. "Strike me pink!" he said. "It can't be security. There's no such thing as security now. I've tried to explain . . ."

The Staff Captain began to laugh again. This time he bent his neck towards his stomach: he held his wet and shaking head with his arms; he roared in bass and he ululated in treble, and only exhaustion slid him from his apogee.

The war correspondent became plaintive. To deal with censors in the field you either blast or beg. Now he was the bazaar mendicant. "Fair go, Harris," he said. "I know you've got to watch these things, but there can't be security. You've spoken to the Staff Captain; you spoke to the Colonel. After all, he was decent enough to tell you what had happened before he went down the line with his bad foot. Hell's bells! When a man gets the biggest story of his life it's pretty hard, isn't it, to have that worn-out office-wallah stuff from Whitehall chucked at you? We get that in London from the suède-shoed Fighting Charlies who make censorship regulations, but hell's bells, we're all in action here and—Hullo! Hullo! . . . Strike me pink! Now the 'phone's gone out! Oh, hell!"

The big New Zealander sat down and looked at the Staff Captain, and what he said for the next two minutes, as the sergeant of Engineers would have told you, cemented once and for all the brothers of the British Empire with the common blood of high invective.

ALBERT HUGGS went to the Blankshires from a glass-works. He was 5 ft. 2 at most—a little scrag of a man with feet that splayed and hands that wandered. Long years of glass-blowing had given him at twenty-three the rubber face of the blower, who must puff and never suck, puff from the cheeks, with the lungs only present as a motor, for the man who breathes in by the glass furnace dies with molten glass in his pharynx.

Albert, having married at twenty, had no desire to die, except when his wife waxed fervent on her chapel-going. To Milly, the chapel glowed in glory. The moan of Mr. Mizzle at the organ, mis-playing "Shall We Gather at the River?", was orgasmic spirituality. She was a devoted little woman, as honest as her husband. Between them sat only her ecstasies at worship.

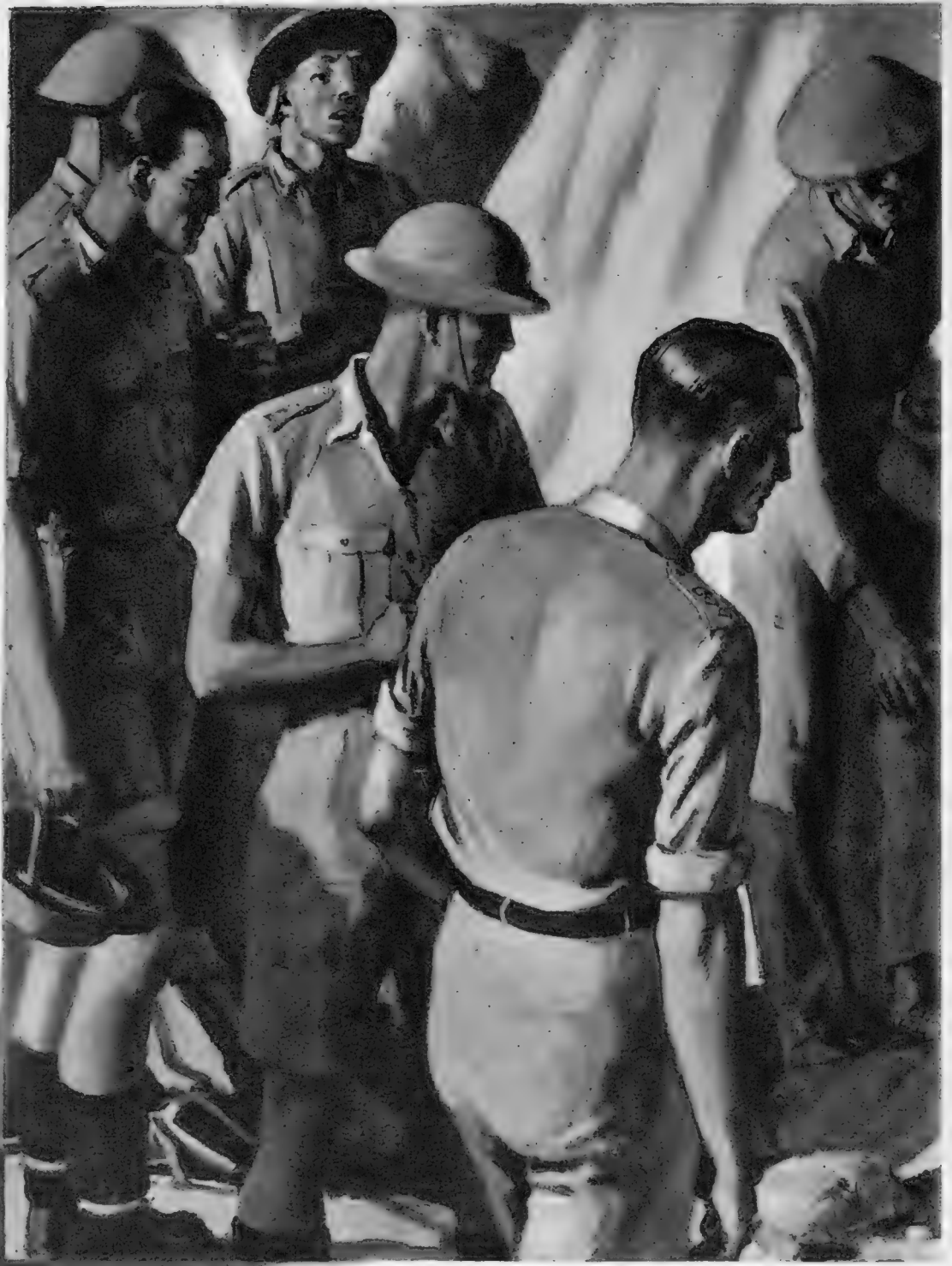
Before he volunteered in 1939, Albert heard a discussion at the Four Feathers. Someone—he could not quite say who—had seen a friend of another man whose wife got writing messages from the spirit world. He thought this out as he walked back to the house in Rendel's Lane. As he blew next day he still thought. On his way home, before the shops in his grimy district closed, he saw in a stationer's shop a board called Ouija. Impelled, he entered, bought it. He had become a mystic.

When Milly was at choir practice, at Young Women's high tea or Bible class, Albert sat, a speck in the infinite, his hands upon the planchette, its pencil sharpened like a rapier pressing so gently

on the pad. Hour after hour he sat. Once the pencil moved. His heart hit hard against his ribs. It kept on moving. He waited. He looked. Five spidery lines rushed into concentric circles, turned themselves inside-out and walked off like seventeen flies from raspberry jam. In the middle of the spider-web was a word, which could have been "Glagog" or "Bolwczinq." Albert put the paper in his pocket-book. And soon he went to war.

Once at Haverford Barracks he got another message. His mates in the barrack block sat with him that night, cheerfully amused. One, Tom Holroyd from Yorkshire, was his particular crony, having fought for the little man's occult rights against a militant and brawny defender of conservative faiths who would have none of Albert's "devil-gazing." He was not certain whether the message had to do with a warning to three A.T.S. cooks who would have been better employed, according to "B" Block, by Hitler himself; or in regard to equine possibilities at a strange place called Pontefract. But the spidery letters brought only nothingness from nothingness.

It was then that Albert decided meditation as well as Ouija would be essential if messages were to come. Somewhere he bought a sixpenny pamphlet. As far as he remembered, it declared the inevitability of



As the revolver bullet struck Captain Baron von Friede he tumbled into a confused heap

The voice continued: "Ah, thank you.

Illustrations by Edward Osmond

becoming a medium in four lessons provided a shilling for postage and five shillings for instructions were mailed. From then on until his draft went eastward, he lay at nights communing with his ghosts. Once he was certain that through him swept the cold stream of a message from outside, but it was only the corporal arousing the barrack-room. To his friends Albert confessed his disappointment, miserably.

After their landing the Blankshires fought their way eastward. Soon enough, behind their hills and in their trenches they waited for their fire power and their aeroplanes. What days did not achieve, weeks could not, and months were the only promise; gradually the fighting battalion settled itself as men in battle do, by creeks and hillocks, cliffs and banks, oases and stunted growths which hinted of distant desert and sun-bleached rocks.

Albert, a good Englishman, was therefore a good soldier. He kept his rifle clean and knew his manual. His

I wish, please, the young officer with you should take a notebook." Peter's was already out. "Now."

ambitions did not rise to one stripe, let alone the trio. He ate and drank at orderly intervals. When, near him, his friends were hit, his face was impassive but his hands tender, and the war enveloped him. Off patrol he was a tonic to "A" Company. Johnnie Meares, his Captain, told Regimental Sergeant-Major Wagg that there was no need for Ensa with Albert around.

They called him "Spooky" now, and in the evenings, when there was no stand-to, those not on sentry duty sat with him. Albert, a centre of interest, was developing. True, his planchette still could not spell. Once from a collection of hieroglyphics Izzy Goldstein, a little spectacled private from Manchester, swore that Albert was writing ancient Hebrew. "Gorblimey!" he said. "It 's like my grandfodder wrote. I 'd reckernise it anywhere. Dat 's my grandfodder's writing."

The effect of this on Albert was prodigious. As he sat, he puffed his cheeks with the unconscious deflation of the glassblower. Now, he said to the men around him, was the time to get a message. He placed his hands together as he leant against the back of the trench. His head faced the heavens; with his eyes closed he breathed deeply, as Lesson III. had told him. He tried to make his mind a blank, as Lesson IV. had ordered, but could sense no difference in his cranial content. Around him the heavy infantry sat smoking, some grinning, some serious, some scoffing, some sullen, but all friendly to Spooky, the good little bloke.

February—March—April. Each night, except when they patrolled into the 8th Panzer Grenadiers, or cut a swathe in the 3rd Alpini, Albert held his court. Once the group around him tensed. Sound was about to come from him; his mouth opened, his eyes remained shut. But then he belched, for he was sound asleep. Later he said to his friend, Holroyd: "Happen it 'll come one day; I know it. The com-mun-yon with the in-fy-nite"—he separated the syllables as, linked, they had appeared on page 54 of "How to be a Medium."

At Wadi Zog he was recommended for the Military Medal. That night he told himself he did not want a medal. He wanted the tran-scen-den-tal power force surging majestic-ally through the in-fy-nite conscious-ness of man who lives et-er-nally. Far better that page 63 be realised than red-and-blue appear upon his battle-dress.

The regiment was surrounded through nobody's fault. Panzers secreted in a tiny valley had been missed reasonably by air reconnaissance. They had waited in great groves of trees within a natural semi-circle of high hills. Three brigades of lorry-borne infantry were with them, flanks seemingly invulnerable. They gained three heights before they reached the Blankshires. The Colonel, sweating with the honesty of comprehension, told Brigade that if he went, Brigade would go, and if Brigade went, Division; for that was the way the land lay, and only force too far removed to be useful could save a major defeat. At Corps Headquarters three general officers paced, with pictures of bowler hats before them. At Army, General Anderson said short words. But they were to encourage, not to blame, for the fortune of war was with the Germans and the Italians, and the fortune held.

The Blankshires held bloodily two horrid assaults. The Panzers stopped—why, the Blankshire Colonel could never understand. German 88's blurted shells yard by yard. Tregarth's "C" Company was exterminated; the adjutant, Henderson, was killed. Through the day, as old Regimental Sergeant-Major MacDonald said, it was like Lone Pine after the New Zealand Mounted Rifles had scaled it with the Australians, and then, from eyeing the narrows, had been driven into the earth.

Albert, looking out over his soupçon of jagged Tunisia, automatically brushed specks of dirt from his bayonet. Suddenly hungry, he chewed on a biscuit. He was trying to remember the instruction on Astral Ectoplasm. Eh, but it was hard to think.

At Company Headquarters the C.O. turned to young Staforth, the assistant Adjutant. "We 're not going to withdraw, Reggie," he said. "Brigade rather decently gave us our exit permit from Terra. Only, you see, it 's not an exit permit out—it 's an exit permit up, or down, as the case may be, Reggie. We 'll tell all ranks we 're going to stay. The Germans will attack, I should say, at dawn, and we 'll be overwhelmed. There 's

no chance from here in this country of knowing where their main fire comes from, or how they 're going to concentrate for the kill. Their flanks are cast-iron or I 'd go after them. If they weren't, a sortie might save the division. Once we go under, the division 's gone. All we can do is to save time. How 's your missus ? "

" O.K. last mail, sir," said the A.A., and his lower lip for a tiny time went down. But only for a tiny time.

The company commanders, with rueful grins, conveyed the news unto their areas. The men received it in diverse ways, but were united in their summing-up, which, according to the temper of them, was quiet, blasphemous, angry, cynical, resigned. Thereafter, the scene in early evening was as before El Alamein. By a light anti-aircraft gun one man read a Bible and two dozed. Along the infantry lines men caressed their bayonets and chewed their bully beef. A mouth-organ rose, fell and faltered, and human whistles carried airs aloft. Here and there over their spreading deployment men wrote on scraps of paper, for tension ceases as a word is penned.

Albert held court as usual. The Church of England padre, John Forrest, the half-back, wagged a reproving finger at him. " Huggs, my son," he said, " you 're a very bad boy, but I suppose it 's a harmless enough occupation with your half-witted friends around you." They all laughed, and as the padre passed down the line he left his last boxes of cigarettes among them, for the sense of high duty was upon him and already his own communion had begun.

Albert sat. In the early evening the German guns grew silent, as peace comes with drugged sleep to a hospital ward of coughing, hawking men. Albert said to Holroyd : " Well, here we go. Gather round, lads ; let each man in the circle touch the hands of those next to him."

" O.K., Svengali." " Here we go, Maskelyne." " Wotcher, Dante," said his audience, and they leaned their rifles on their bodies as they joined the psychic circle of Private Albert Huggs, 1072893.

A voice delayed for an instant the beginning of his text-book preparation. " Do you mind very much if I hang around, men ? " It was young Peter Turner, one of the platoon commanders.

" Course not, sir," said Albert.

The Lieutenant sat, leaning against the rough parados. He stopped Albert's eagerly-begun explanation from page 3 to 8 inclusive. " All right, old chap, I 've read something about it before. Let 's carry on." (*Continued on page 52*)

The Colonel found time to hold his hand for a second as, surging onwards, the Blankshires swung round over the wadi

Where Will The Peacemakers Meet?

By Ferdinand Tuohy

A BIT early to talk about the successor to the Paris Peace Conference of 1919? Well, America's Mr. Bracken has been doing so. After report had told that Mr. Roosevelt hoped the final peace conference would be in the Azores, up spoke Elmer Davis and said there mightn't be any peace conference at all!

"There may simply be an occupation of the defeated countries. Then our policies may be worked out in practice instead of at a conference. Nobody can foresee what the peace negotiations will be."

It was this last observation that challenged. I say that by knowing at least what the peace negotiations will *not* be, we already have more than an inkling of what they are likely to be.

They will not be set in any such surroundings as led to the Versailles Treaty. Paris was a lovely but bad choice.

Remember, we were still in the days when a fixed spot was the objective, and it had to be a handy centre, able to be host and to communicate in all directions. Equally sought for should have been a withdrawn tranquillity and, in fact, Woodrow Wilson did suggest neutral Geneva. Then Copenhagen—slightly frivolous. But Paris had become the centre of the world. With Foch's aura and Clemenceau's *tour-de-force*, the French had finished in great style. It was easy for the non-French to concede that Paris was get-at-able and splendidly hotelled, well equipped for the part. In reality the pressure was irresistible.

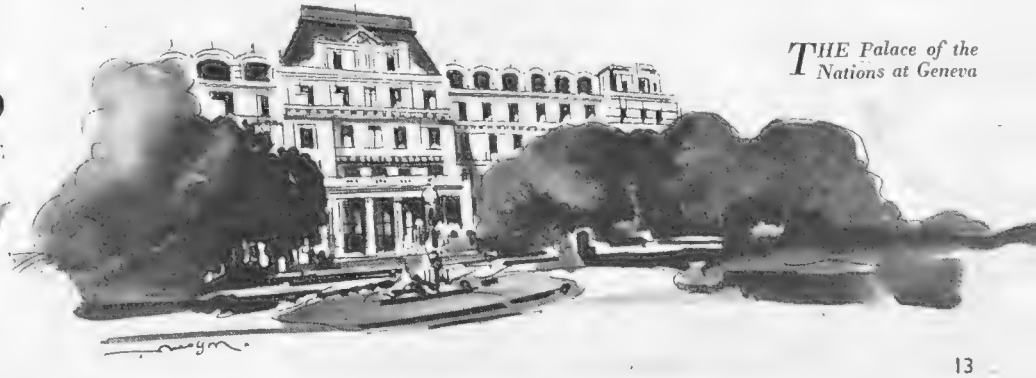
In the result, the peace-making devolved over a period of six months in an atmosphere of victory intoxication. The spirit of what was later called whoopee permeated delegates, experts, staffs, press correspondents, everybody concerned on behalf of five-and-twenty nations. It was a tremendous collision of champagne and studious head-work.

Decidedly, one cannot hope to recast a ploughed-up continent in such an ambience of junketing, of beautiful distractions and mornings after. "Spring was in our hearts;" and not only there. No need to run to the other extreme: to Calvinistic austerities. Yet Paris, those first six months of 1919, would have made *The Congress Dances* look like a solemnity. Cocktails and something approaching the Black Bottom had displaced Grinzing and the waltz, to draw from Foch his biting: "So this is modern dancing? Strange—the head so grave and the behind so gay!"

But there was something else about Paris that was more out of place than its light-headedness and that was its mania for intrigue and chicanery. How foolish to have set a peace conference in a capital notorious for its boiling party politics. Not that the French were the only ones to blame—very far from it. The years between have shown that they were much more right about the Germans than the Anglo-Americans. Yet there was an insupportable vanity and crowing among narrow-minded French "patriots" for whom Paul Déroulede, fiery poet of 1870 debacle and of *Revenge*! was, in reality, the first French delegate.

It came to sound more like a series of battles than peace-making: the battle for the Covenant of the League, for the Saar, for the Left Bank of the Rhine, for Fiume, for oil and reparations. Tug! Tug! Wrangle! Wrangle! And then more champagne and light-headedness after dark.

PARIS became the magnet for every kind of peace-wrecker, since anybody could get there. One day an ark containing 500 American reporters and all sorts arrived at Brest. Boy, what a yarn! Tear it to bits for the front page! Another time the armament interests mobilised their well-camouflaged agents. Set one delegation against the other—that was the thing! Or buy a delegate, compromise him, launch a scandal. Impute motives to others, spread lies, whisper rumours. The smallest rift was magnified into a breach. Companies of foreigners preyed on events, closely instructed regarding the best ways to heave spanners in the works. The dirty work behind the scenes grew to be so notorious that, before its end, the Paris Peace Conference was heavily shot with cynicism. (*Continued on page* 56)



THE Palace of the Nations at Geneva

The Animal Fifth Column

ALONGSIDE the battle against the Axis another war is constantly being fought. This war is not spectacular and few communiqués are issued, but if we lost it we should be defeated as thoroughly as if the German hordes overran the British Isles. For this war is against the insects and animals which constantly menace our food supply and cause wholesale loss on the economic front.

We are holding our own against this insidious fifth column in our midst, but even so our losses from this source alone are very heavy. Rats and mice cause damage of various kinds in this country which adds up to well over £10,000,000 per year—some estimates say £50,000,000 per year. By attacking food crops, causing disease to cattle and sheep and hindering our agricultural programme in other ways, insects are responsible for damage amounting to a figure probably in the region of £100,000,000 per year. A recent estimate of the cost of the insect fifth column in the United States gives a figure four times greater than that for this country and estimates that insect pests cause losses equal to the services of a million men.

In addition to the direct losses caused by injurious insects and other animals there is also the question of disease for which these creatures are responsible in varying degrees. Many a British and Allied soldier fighting against the Axis in African desert or tropical jungle has been slain, not by a German or Japanese bullet, but by the disease-charged sting or bite of a regular of the insect fifth column. And, if ever plague breaks out in Nazi-dominated Europe it will be the insects, the rats and the mice who will be in the forefront of the disease-spreading army.

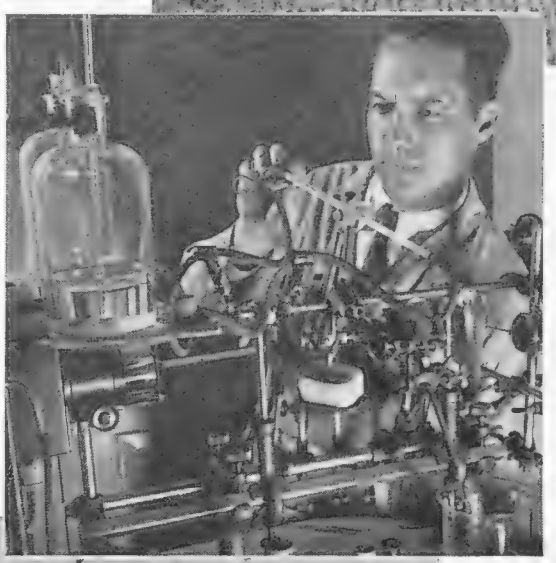
With such a deadly foe in our midst it is not surprising that all the resources of science are mustered to cope with the menace from injurious insects and animals. Scientists of the Allied Nations are on constant watch for fresh outbreaks of pests. The best ways of combating the danger are discussed, experiments in extermination are carried out, preventive measures are introduced and the quarry is hunted down with that determination which only a scientific detective can display.

One of the methods used to rid some sewers of rats was particularly ingenious. A naked electric wire was run through the rats' haunts, suspended about six inches above the ground. On the wire juicy pieces of horseflesh were firmly fixed at intervals of a foot or so. The electric power was then switched on. As the rats reached for the titbits their paws touched the wire and they were instantly electrocuted.

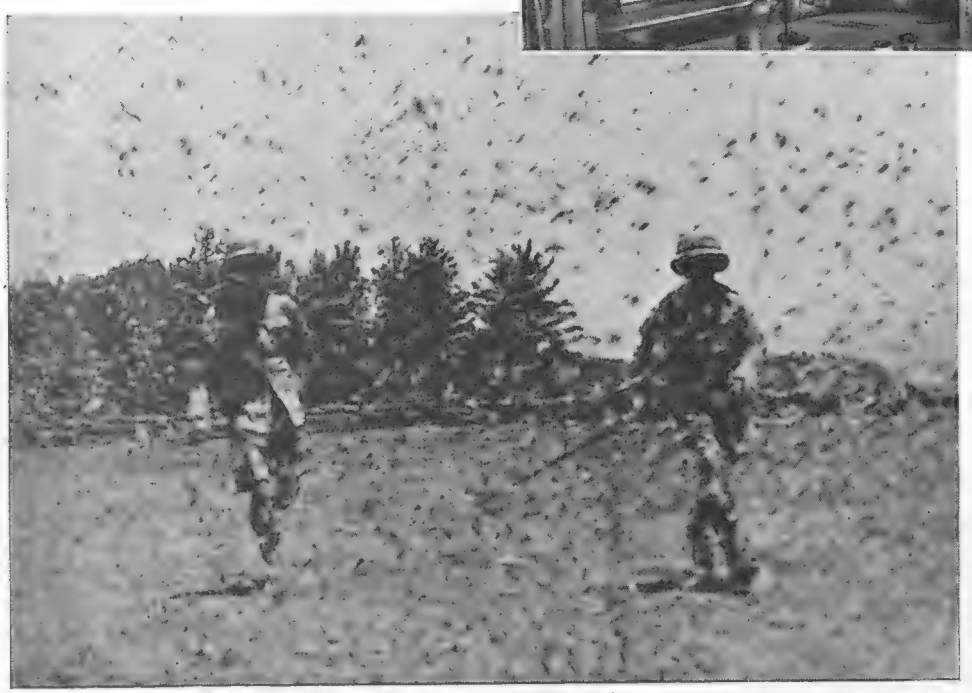
The rat was, of course, one of the earliest creatures to be recognised as an enemy of mankind. It gave rise to the ancient profession of rat-catcher. In earlier days a professional rat-catcher lived in every village and there was a royal rat-catcher, complete with scarlet coat embroidered with yellow worsted on which were figures of mice destroying wheat sheaves.

Even to-day, rat-catchers are still employed to rid infected premises of the rodents. But the scientist and his up-to-date methods of destruction are the greatest menace to rats to-day. He has no such scruples as the old rat-catcher who once told counsel in court: "You don't understand my business. When I know the rats are breeding there it doesn't pay me to go until they have bred!"

Another member of the animal fifth column which has been recognised from ancient days as a danger to man's life is the locust. Few plagues are so devastating in their effects as a swarm of locusts. When in flight they throw a definite shadow across the face of the sun and when they land all edible vegetation for miles around is devoured in a matter



SPRAYING poison dust over crops from aeroplane, horseback and tractors in an all-out war against the insect fifth column. (Left) A scientific detective at work on a case. He is dropping nicotine on the heart of a cockroach to determine the effect of various insecticides



A SWARM of locusts. Few plagues are so devastating in their effects as a swarm of these insects. When they land all edible vegetation for miles is devoured in a matter of minutes

Science Musters Its Resources to Cope with the Menace of Crop-destroying Animals and Insects

By Frank W. Lane

in swathes as the roaring flame bites into the densely packed devouring hordes. But such are the tremendous numbers of the insects that even this mass murder does not deplete their ranks in sufficient quantities.

Poison appears to be the most efficient killer. In Egypt, rice bran, sweetened with molasses and poisoned with arsenic, has proved very effective. Major C. S. Jarvis describes, in the following words, what happened when this was first extensively used.

"Lorries laden with it (poisoned bran) went out into the desert and belts of it were strewn thickly across the path of advancing locusts. We must have laid more than a hundred miles of poisoned bran, and the locusts, being ravenous, fed on it readily.

"The results, however, were not immediately apparent. The following day the swarm that had crossed the poisoned bran appeared to be all right except that their incessant hop-hop seemed to have lost some of its joyful abandon. They didn't hop quite so high or so straight. The second day it was obvious that something was wrong, for the swarm had lost its sense of direction and every insect seemed to be suffering from paralysis. The third day destruction was complete and the whole face of the desert was covered with a black carpet of death."

THE rat is a deadly member of the animal fifth column, not only in devouring food but in spreading disease. A rat-catcher with his ferrets, dog, and the "victims" of the morning's work. (Right) The termite is perhaps the most difficult animal enemy to deal with as it has a passion for wood. Here is seen a piece of oak beam taken from York Minster during its recent restoration

of minutes. No one who saw the film *The Good Earth* will be likely to forget what a swarm of locusts looks like—a ravaging horde that may be ten miles wide and twenty miles long!

One of the most spectacular ways of killing off a locust swarm, or, to be more correct, *part* of a swarm, is by the use of the *flammenwerfer*, or flame gun, used by the Germans against the British Tommy on the fields of Flanders. A portable cylinder containing paraffin is carried on the back and attached to the cylinder is a length of hose at the end of which is a nozzle. When the cylinder is pumped up a jet of flame shoots out of the nozzle for a distance of about ten yards.

To wade into a locust swarm with such a weapon is a thrilling and impressive experience. The pests are mowed down

Yet another method of destroying locusts is to attack them while they are in flight. If successful, this method ensures that the majority of the locusts land on the earth only as corpses.

In this form of locust control aeroplanes take off loaded with a poisonous dust which, by laboratory test, has been proved to penetrate the insects' tracheal system and kill them in twenty seconds. The aeroplanes spray this death-dealing dust over the swarm and millions thus fall on the ground dead. But there are difficulties in this method of control and the best chance of adequately coping with the locust plague appears to be to attack them on their breeding grounds.

Some of the methods used to destroy various insect pests are so bizarre that,

HEAD of the boll weevil. This long-snouted insect of the beetle tribe is very destructive to young plants, seeds and fruit

were it not for the fact that they are known to *work*, one would be tempted to think scientists were playing complicated games. A grower of mushrooms, who used manure as a fertiliser, found that he had raised a plague of flies. So he called in an engineer, who promptly installed suction fans which drew off the flies.

But the engineer did not stop there. Having solved the mushroom-grower's immediate problem, he was worried to see the flies being wasted. So he added refrigeration coils to the fans. These chilled the flies and caused them to drop into large cans. Frog farmers (yes, there are such people!) bought the dormant flies, and it is now reported that the mushroom grower makes nearly as much from his processed fly business as he does from his mushrooms.

A similar ingenious method has been used to exterminate mosquitoes. It was discovered by chance that when a powerful electric (*Continued on page* 62)

A RATHER cunning method of overcoming an insect pest is to get one insect to attack another. In the picture above is seen a Japanese beetle with parasites on its back which lay eggs on the beetle's back and the maggots then bore through the beetle's armour and kill it. The sugar crop in Hawaii was saved by this method

AN aerial view of America's mighty national vaults at Fort Knox Army Reservation, Kentucky. In 1940 gold to the value of a billion pounds was stored there

Gold Evades The Nazi

By Frank Illingworth

SHIPS have played a big part in the escape of Allied bullion from Axis clutches—beautiful pleasure yachts, dirty old tramps, rowing-boats, trawlers, men-of-war from a submarine to auxiliaries, a tanker, and liners.

Gold became restless long before Europe's armies began marching. Nineteen-thirty-nine saw £800,000,000 in bullion flow across the Atlantic towards America's mighty national vaults at the army-guarded Fort Knox. Nineteen-forty saw the figure leap to a billion pounds! While Switzerland buried her 125 golden millions deep amid the snow and ice of the riven Bernese Oberland and Russia hid one-third of her wealth beneath Leningrad's fortress of Peter and Paul, Belgium sent her gold to bomb-proof vaults at Ostend so that an emergency would see it shipped to Britain with the minimum loss of time, and Holland's eighty millions flowed across the Atlantic in the wake of the twelve million yellow Danish Kroner carried to Copenhagen docks in furniture removal vans, and from Turkey and the Balkans, from Britain, Portugal and France bullion flooded across the Atlantic to safety.

Then came war. What gold remained in Europe fled from Hun hordes. After a hectic journey twenty Polish millions slipped through Gestapo fingers to reach France by tanker and cruisers; Norway's national bullion reached Britain after a nightmare journey by bus and sledge, by rowing-boats, destroyers, cruisers, by pleasure steamer and fishing-boats strapped to the decks of a tramp steamer; and another £33,000,000 in bullion sailed, disguised, from Trondhjem even after the little wooden city had fallen to the Hun.

One of the most amazing stories instancing the flight of gold under war conditions features that of Spanish wealth during the last Civil War. Franco's troops were on the last lap to victory. Only Barcelona remained in Government hands, and as General Lister's forces fell back on the city, soldiers went from church, to jeweller, to bank, commandeering every item of value under a prearranged Government plan. Franco was to be left nothing. And even as Franco's troops hammered their way through Barcelona's suburbs the city's wealth flowed away in nine groaning lorries.

The first chapter in a thrilling, fast-closing drama began. Towards the Pyrenees the lorries rumbled, springs sagging with the weight of bullion blocks, gem-encrusted chalices, crucifixes, uncut gems and jewellery. Frequent bombing, thousands of refugees and the shell-pocked roads robbed the convoy of speed. It rumbled through the chaos of defeat.

With heroic sacrifice, General Lister's army fought a hopeless rearguard action against Franco's German- and Italian-armed troops, protected by Axis bombers. The rebels swept forward. *And when barely one mile separated Franco and the nine lorries, three lorries broke down.*

"Haste! Haste! Mend the vehicles." But time was at a premium. And when bullets slapped into the lorries the strangest order in the history of refugee gold was given.

"Every soldier stuff his pockets," ordered General Lister. "Take what you can."

Men clambered on to the lorries. They trampled on more wealth than they could conceive. They tossed bullion to the ground, and filled their pockets with jewellery. They exchanged rifles for gold bars.

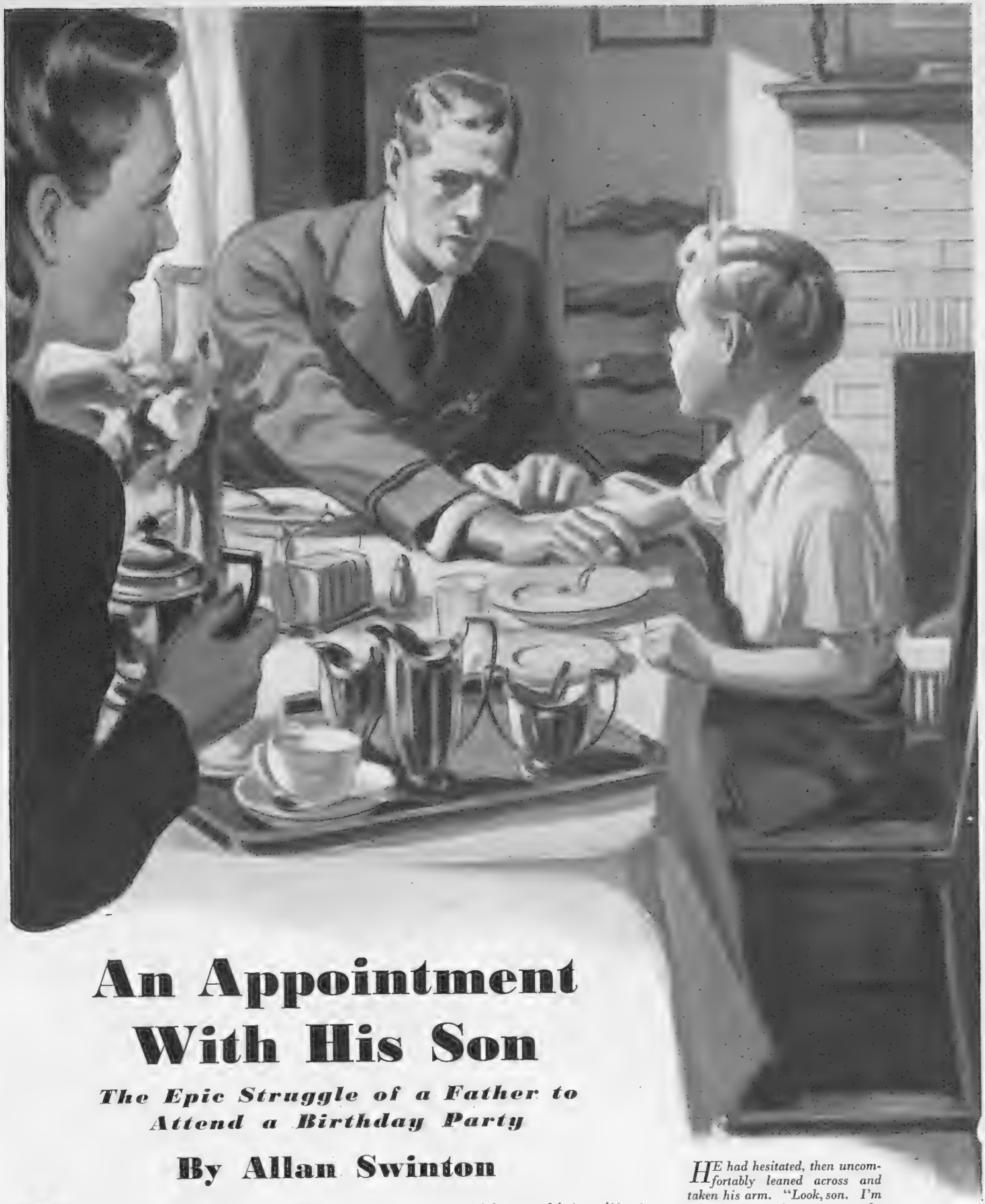
Meanwhile, bad roads and the Pyrenean gradients saw the other six lorries chug one by one to a steaming halt. Franco's speedy advance forbade a repetition of Lister's orders when the first three vehicles broke down.

"Blow up the lorries," ordered the general. Dynamite scattered rather more than four golden millions even as Franco's spearhead rushed up. Only a minute fraction of this sum was recovered for the benefit of Hitler's friends.

What happened to the wealth that marched across the French frontier in the packs and pockets of Lister's rearguard? The general's parting words to his scattering men were: "Don't forget you carry your country's wealth. Hand it over to the Spanish Consul at Perpignan." But only a fraction of the total reached the consul. When the French Government learned about the episode every refugee camp was searched. Nearly £80,000 in jewellery and gold was found. The rest had just—vanished! Once more gold had evaded the Axis and its supporters. But in this case it was to the advantage of none but a few Spanish refugees and soldiers. And it was not long before the above-mentioned £80,000 (confiscated by France) was once again scuttling from the Axis!

THE escape of French gold, even as Hun troops roared into Paris, makes thrilling reading. The early days of the war saw France's 250 millions hidden away (*Continued on page* 64)

THE French cruiser "Emile Bertin," which transported almost the whole of France's gold reserve in 14,000 sacks across the Atlantic, first to Halifax and then, at the fall of France, to Fort de France, Martinique, where it was stored in vaults beneath the mountain-top fortress of Desaix. (Below) The harbour of Fort de France, Martinique



An Appointment With His Son

The Epic Struggle of a Father to Attend a Birthday Party

By Allan Swinton

HE had hesitated, then uncomfortably leaned across and taken his arm. "Look, son. I'm afraid I can't go on the picnic with you after all"

THE motive that prompts a deed may not be always what it seems, and it may bring, besides the end desired, others quite unforeseen.

Thus it was proved to "Tubby" Felton, a pilot in a bombing force that started out from England on a plan to intercept some German warships.

This would have been quite simple but for the visibility, which for some days had been uncertain, with a high wind driving cloud in masses which caused intermittent haze and sun.

Thus it developed that at half-past two, above the empty, grey North Sea, in sight of the white Norwegian mountain tops, rimming the eastern horizon, having failed to sight the enemy, the squadron of twelve big black bombers split up into flights of three which boomed away on different courses, so as to scout the greatest area of water on their journey home.

In the cockpit of the starboard aircraft of the group that went due south, Felton, a youthful pilot with clear, blue eyes and a cheerful face, managed his ship with skilful hands. Three months ago he'd been a plodding but ambitious architect.

Under the void beneath him he could see the sea, streaked with white foam, with

Illustrations by M. Mackinlay

SHE reared, stalled, toppled and then circled down, completely out of control

here and there a patch of sunlight shed through a gap in the prevailing cloud. All round him in his glass-domed pen were the instruments which were the servant nerve-ends of his bird of death. Beside him his co-pilot watched his area of sky for enemies, while in his ears his engines made a steady thunder, closing him and his crew in silence only to be pierced by telephone.

It was his first flight made against the enemy.

Though he was set on carrying out his duty at whatever cost, there was beneath this loyalty a deeper want that drew him urgently towards home and to appease which the important thing was, not only that he should return but that he do so by a certain time.

His thoughts went backwards to the morning's scene. He had awakened in the unfamiliar bedroom of the cottage they had rented and lain with Anne beside him and the sunlight streaming through the quaint, low room. Then he'd recalled what day it was, got up and hurried in to his small son.

Bobby, large-headed, yellow-haired and five to-day, was wide awake, and had shot upright with his big blue eyes excited as he greeted him : " Hullo, son. Happy birthday."

" What you got? What you got?"

He showed him the ball and the model plane. Then Anne came in, also with gifts. They sat on Bobby's bed and were as happy as two mortals could be, till the nurse-girl came to get her small charge up.

It was a lovely day. They dawdled over breakfast with the windows open to the bright spring sun, to the bees' drone and the scent of heather and the larks' eager songs.

They had been still at table when the phone had rung. He'd answered it, and as she heard his conversation fear had sprung into his young wife's eyes.

In spite of it she kept her smile. But then she made a rueful gesture towards Bobby. For the past month his father had been jockeying his time off duty so that he could spend this day with him, and they had planned it carefully. The youngster had been living for this whole day to be given by his father to himself alone.

Troubled but helpless, he had hesitated, then uncomfortably leaned across and taken his arm. " Look, son. I'm afraid I can't go on the picnic with you after all."

Bobby burst out indignantly : " But you said you would. You said we'd go across the moor and see the shepherd, and have the picnic on the top."

" I know," he agreed unhappily, " I got the day off specially, but now they've sent for me to go to work."

The big blue eyes regarded him in injured and judicial silence. Then his son demanded : " Well, you'll get back for my party then. You'll be back here by four o'clock."

" I'll do my best."

" Promise," Bobby commanded.

" I'm afraid I can't. I'll do my very best, I promise that."

The small boy's mouth began to shake. " But it won't *be* a party——"

" Of course it will. You'll have your mother and the others and the cake and everything. I promise I'll be here if I can, but I may have a busy day. If I don't make it, then you'll know I couldn't, and forgive me, won't you? "

His words held an implication Bobby could not understand and he had not intended, and with a twinge of fear he felt the truth of what this trip might mean. Two days ago he'd seen the

THE turret gunner pointed north. Through a grey rain squall he made out a convoy with a naval escort, not five miles away

first raid start since he joined the station—six planes. Four had come back.

Bobby's lip had quivered. Then he had bravely mastered it. But he could not control the two big tears that trickled down. "You'll try your hardest," he insisted. "It won't be a birthday if you're not here for a bit of it."

As Tubby thought about this painful scene his heart wrung, and every fineness in his nature begged that he should not be made to fail.

UNTIL, surprisingly, it did, he had not thought a lot about the chance that war might happen. An amateur of flying, but without the money to pay plane hire often, he had joined the R.A.F. Reserve mainly to fly its splendid ships, and when war was declared and he was plucked from his office and dumped into training-camp, it had been disconcerting. He had had unpleasant feelings as he realised what it might mean, but he saw it was a job that he would anyway have wished to share, and so dismissed such thoughts and settled down to give his best to it. But this departure on his first real raid had caused a situation that had touched that final loyalty which each man holds towards some object special to his needs and kind. His was towards his son, whom, though he'd have said: "Oh, tripe!" if you had told him so, he looked on as a sacred trust.

He checked the time. It was just two. If the trip kept on as it had done till now, he could be back all right.

As he had thought these things, the bombers had been flying through a bank of cloud. Now they came out into the sun. At once the Cockney voice of his top-gunner cried in his headphones: "Enemy divin'. 'Undred an' tens, sir. Gor blimey, look at 'em!"

The leader ordered them by phone to close formation, and then dived for sea level. As Tubby shoved the bomber's nose into a dive his turret guns at top and rear began, a deeper thudding through the engines' roar. A lean, twin-motored plane marked with the crooked cross dived past. Another, front guns rattling, shot from underneath.

Cummin, the gunner in the rear, firing and ripping out Australian curses, yelled in his headphones: "Got the——! See him go!" He saw the Nazi fighter, trailing a thick black plume of smoke, plunge past.

Then they were rushing close above the waves, safe from attack upon their vital underparts.

From the top turret, swinging right and left and firing hard, the Cockney cried: "Port plane's in trouble, sir."

He turned, to see Hugh Jarvis's bomber waver, roll on her back, curve twisting down and plunge full speed into the sea. She hit with a tremendous splash, then where she struck was nothing but some grey-green foam.

His leader's voice said calmly: "Cloud ahead. Up to it," and he pulled up hard. The enemy climbed with them, while the guns kept up their rattle through the engines' roar.

Then with a shock he saw that the leader's ship was trailing smoke. The plume grew. A Messerschmitt swooped on her, and the turret guns did not reply. The Hun raked her from end to end. She reared, stalled, toppled and then circled down, out of control.

He was craning, fascinated, to observe her end, when a line of holes appeared across his windshield and green rods of fire from tracer bullets cracked through the cockpit. The shock, as a cannon-shell exploded, jarred him, and its gases bit his nostrils. Then he was in the clouds and safe. There were no more guns and no more swooping enemies.

He saw his co-pilot lying backward with his face dead white, and pulled himself together, calling into his mouthpiece to the navigator: "Limbrey. Bring the aid kit. Woods is hit."

There was no answer and he turned and saw Dick Limbrey fallen with his face among his wireless instruments.

Tubby felt queer, and had a cold lump in his stomach.

The suddenness of the reverse was paralysing. One minute he was cruising as he had done twenty times on training flights, then, at once, two crews of his friends were dead and he was left with two men hit, enemies all around and headed straight for Heligoland.

For a moment he felt panic, then he called up his will and mastered it. He swallowed to get his voice and said into his mouthpiece to the bomb-aimer, out in (*Continued on page 67*)

Wings Over The Convoy

A Trip in a Sunderland Flying Boat

By Frank H. Shaw

THE second pilot suddenly stabbed down and outwards with an eager finger and his voice howled in the inter-com.: "There —there y'are—the custard!" My eyes followed the point, though my ears were deafened by the earphones' noisiness. There certainly was a suggestion of a something away to starboard and far ahead: a thin line revealed against the sea's whitecaps. Good eyes, these Coastal Command boys possess! Well trained to distinguish the smallest deviation from normal in the flat monotony of the Atlantic.

The action-stations buzzer zipped. "Going *down*!" said the boyish captain of the twenty-six-ton Sunderland.

The second pilot fired a Very pistol, as signal to the surface escort of the convoy. I spared a moment to watch two destroyers and a frigate thicken the foam trail behind them and pile their bow waves higher.

Down in the escorts' engine rooms the watchkeepers had "kicked off the link" instantaneously, thus quickening the sensitive machinery to full speed. From our bomb room came staccato reports of readiness. The heavy depth charges had been lifted from their racks and electrically wound out along the wide wings into the attack position.

Speed is the essence of the contract in attacking U-boats that can crash-dive within twenty seconds of receiving an alarm.

AT almost zero height the flying boat flattened out, and I got an impression of "lift" as the great machine appeared to climb vertically upwards. This was caused by the instantaneous release of heavy depth charges

The Sunderland had for the most part kept in the lowering sun, so that enemy-seeking eyes might be conveniently dazzled. Our shadow showed on the sea elongated, distorted, and definitely menacing.

"He's diving!" announced the second pilot. The bow-turret gunner swung his duplicate guns. We were going down like a greedy seagull on a floating fish: but the distance was so considerable that the slant was not discomposing. I saw strain, intentness, grim determination on the goggled faces of the crew. I saw a foam patch well ahead grow and whiten. It was far too remote from the trudging, stolid convoy to be within torpedo range; but we were flying at 200 m.p.h. and covered the distance like a flash.

At almost zero height the flying boat flattened out, and I got an impression of "lift" as the great machine appeared to climb vertically upwards. This was caused by the instantaneous release of heavy depth charges, which increased the Sunderland's buoyancy quite a lot; but the captain pulled down her nose to counteract.

The falling depth charges raised miniature waterspouts among the curly foam swirls that indicated the direction of the U-boat's dive. We flew on, but the ensuing detonations lifted our stern disconcertingly—until once more that adroit youngster at the controls levelled off.

I saw mighty hummocks grow in the sea, they blossomed of a sudden like exaggerated lotus flowers, then two upright Niagaras whirled up.

"Jolted him, anyway!" surmised the captain. How anything man made could continue whole against those impacts I could not understand: water is not elastic and carries the impulses for a distance quite undiminished in force. If I expected further charges to be dropped, (*Continued on page* 64)

I saw the ugly thing rising through the swirl—as vicious-seeming as a shark

Old Tales Re-told

Claude Duval: *Some Exploits of the Handsome French Highwayman who made England His Happy Hunting Ground*

Written and Illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.

MANY times women readers of my stories have remarked: "Highwaymen are fascinating!"

It is doubtful, however, whether those old-time heroes were really as glamorous as they seem now. Picturesque they may have been, especially when viewed from the safe distance of two or three centuries. And undoubtedly, judging from the records of the exploits of these "gentlemen of the road," they did exercise a strong charm on the opposite sex. The amazing circumstance is that the victims were so often at their mercy, owing to the scandalous inefficiency of the authorities.

The law, it is true, inflicted on such malefactors, when caught, the most blood-curdling penalties. But that seemed no deterrent.

On the contrary, a man who was certain to end on the gallows was the more likely to indulge his energies to the full whilst still at large. It served no purpose to spare his victims from death or injury, since he himself had already earned the supreme penalty. "As well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb" was the accepted principle. The consequence was that these men mostly sank to the sordid level of murderers and blackguards.

But since their foul deeds inspired a certain amount of successful literature, they achieved such popularity that vast crowds were eager to read their life stories and printed confessions, such as were sold in the streets while the heroes themselves were on their way to Tyburn.

The very priests appointed to spend a last hour with the condemned men did a roaring trade with these printed sheets, called "officials." Forty-eight of them are preserved to this day in the British Museum, all written by one man, an ecclesiastic who held for twenty-one years the post of religious comforter at Newgate. His pious task did not prevent him from making a good deal of money out of the alleged confessions and speeches of the condemned men.

The prison personnel were, of course, chosen from the dregs of humanity.

One of the priests came near to his own end on a certain occasion through an unrehearsed incident. During an execution in March, 1723, the hangman was so drunk that he dropped the noose round the neck of the chaplain.

The chaplain was rescued, not without a struggle, in the nick of time. The crowd saw the humorous side of the episode and gave way to uproarious laughter.

Some highwaymen, who coupled their daring with a handsome appearance, became so idolised by women that strenuous efforts were often made to get them reprieved by the authorities.

One such case was that of John Hartley. Before his execution six young women dressed in white went to St. James's Palace to submit an extraordinary proposal to the king. Admitted into the presence of George I., they pleaded for Hartley's reprieve, explaining that if it was granted they would draw

His dark eyes had already played havoc with many susceptible hearts

Claude Duval restored the feeding-bottle to the infant, who ceased its cries at once

They made a perfect couple, and the unrehearsed dance was performed with such grace that it audience than a perplexed husband, a couple of trembling servants, a terrified coachman

lots amongst themselves for the privilege of becoming his wife. The king advised them to save their devotion for a better man. For Hartley there was a more appropriate function than marriage.

Many different types are represented on the long list of famous footpads. Some came from distinguished families. Some were notable for their wit and good humour. Some had even a touch of chivalry and kindness.

Among the most remarkable was the gentle-mannered Claude Duval, a Frenchman who found this country to be more profitable than his native Normandy. He was only thirteen years old when his parents presented him with the sum of twenty sous and sent him away to seek his fortune. Offering his services as stable boy, he obtained a free ride to Paris, where, for four years, he earned an honest livelihood in stables and inn yards. In 1660, when the restoration of the monarchy brought Charles II. to the English throne, Claude Duval crossed the Channel in the service of one of the noblemen who, exiled no longer, deemed it safe to return home.

The sudden change from the stern rule of the Commonwealth had brought many violent reactions with it. Profligacy and excess were rampant among the wealthy upper and middle classes.

No one feared the law; for the king, anxious to establish himself securely on the throne, needed the support of the people more than ever before.

The general atmosphere of extravagance and dissipation turned many heads from the path of virtue, and the first to suffer from this circumstance were generally those who lived in close contact with the wealthy classes. Footmen, lackeys and butlers had their own gambling dens. In order to keep their jobs, they refrained from pilfering from their employers, but the

deserved a more appreciative and a bunch of desperadoes

ever-increasing need for cash led them to try their luck wherever opportunity offered. The " high toby crack " proved attractive to many of them.

Claude Duval had easily picked up the fine manners of the gentry, and being endowed with what the French call *élégance naturelle*, he might have made legitimate use of his energy, courage and resource. He was also very handsome, and his dark eyes had already played havoc with many susceptible hearts. But he was unable to resist the lure of a dangerous calling, and soon he had achieved great notoriety as a highwayman. He had, however, a great contempt for any form of violence, and he never associated with the clumsy ruffians who inflicted injuries on their victims.

He knew that with tact and graceful manners it was possible to pluck the bird without hurting it. He educated to this way of thinking the men who joined his band, and he controlled them not by fear, but by the force of his personality.

Let us dip into the memoirs of this famous highwayman, published in Paris in 1670, which contain many characteristic episodes of this brigand in white gloves.

One day, while riding with a few of his companions along the main road to Hounslow, he saw approaching him a coach which was full of women passengers, one of them with a baby in her arms. Duval allowed it to pass, but some of his followers turned round and surrounded it. The frightened driver held up his hands, the women shrieked with terror and pain as the ruffians brutally snatched their ear-rings, rings, brooches, and even a silver feeding-bottle from the hands of the baby.

At this juncture the gallant Duval rode back, his face expressing his stern disapproval of what he saw. He pulled out a pistol, levelled it at the breast of the man who had seized the infant's bottle, and said : " Sirrah, return this feeding-bottle, or else I will improve your health with a feed of lead. Cannot you behave like a gentleman and raise a contribution from people without stripping them of everything ? It seems to me that you have need of a sucking-bottle yourself, for by your actions one would imagine you were hardly weaned ! "

With a respectful bow he apologised to the ladies, who, naturally, took him for a gallant knight come to their rescue.

The feeding-bottle was restored to the infant, who ceased its cries at once. But that was the only piece of property actually restored to the occupants of the coach. Nevertheless, as it proceeded on its journey several of the women remarked : " What a handsome man—and how gallant ! "

Wherever he went Duval was admired. At the gaming tables he was always the best loser and the most generous winner. His gains were always attributed to good luck, though, in reality, he was an accomplished card-sharper.

His good luck held for a long time in permitting him to dodge the police, who invariably arrived too late. Like the Arabian phœnix, Duval was ever elusive.

With equal facility he escaped the dangers to which his love-affairs, some of them with women of high station, exposed him. Such was the infatuation he inspired that he was never betrayed, not even jealousy providing grounds for denunciation.

Not that complaints did not reach the authorities from the victims of his rapacity. It was easy to identify him from the description of his appearance and gallant ways during the hold-ups.

One of these hold-ups forms a classic example in the history of highway robbery.

IT had come to Duval's knowledge that a certain knight was about to take his lady, a noted London beauty, into the country.

He knew that the knight would be carrying 400 sovereigns with him, and that to leave the town they would pass over Hampstead Heath. Duval and his men rode to a well-chosen wooded spot and waited.

They had not long to wait before the coach appeared in sight. They allowed it to pass and then overtook it.

For a while Duval rode abreast with the carriage and made no sign of any unlawful intention. But the behaviour of his followers was suspicious.

In the coach sat the knight and his lady and a maid. The lady, in order to give an appearance of serenity, took out a flageolet and began to play. It so happened that Duval was an excellent flageolet player himself, and always carried an instrument with him. He now took it from its case and joined in the tune, adding clever variations. When the tune ended he swept off his hat, leaned towards the window, and expressed his admiration of the lady's talent. Turning to the gentleman, he said : " Sir, so exquisite a player must surely adore dancing.

One evening a young man the worse for drink was dragged by the police from a tavern called "The Hole in the Wall," in Chandos Street, Covent Garden. It was Claude Duval

It is such lovely weather. If you will both step out of the coach and allow me to dance a corante with her, I shall esteem it a great privilege."

The wise knight, after a second's hesitation, replied: "You appear to be a gentleman and your request is reasonable."

He ordered the lackey to open the boot and stepped out.

Duval dismounted and hastened to assist the lady to alight.

The other footpads remained at a little distance, warily waiting. Duval, excusing himself for proposing to dance in his riding-boots, made a profound bow. In order to provide an accompaniment he sang in a most agreeably modulated voice. He danced the corante as gracefully as he sang it. The memoirs remark that the best dancing masters in London would not have been so light of foot in such footgear. The bewildered lady played her part with all the acumen of her sex, to which was added her beauty and fine clothes. They made a perfect couple, and the unrehearsed dance was performed with such grace that it deserved a more appreciative audience than a perplexed husband, a couple of trembling servants, a terrified coachman and a bunch of desperadoes.

When the dance was over Duval handed the lady into her coach, helped to adjust her voluminous skirts, and then held the door for the knight as he mounted the boot, saying, at the same time, "Sir, you have forgot to pay the music."

The knight answered, imperturbably: "No, I have not." And he pulled from under the seat a pear-shaped leather purse, shook it so (*Continued on page* 52)

SUNBATHING on the terrace of an hotel on the Zugspitz

(Left) THE Gorge du Tarn in the Pyrenees. (Below) Munich was once a centre from which to roam over the most delectable region in all Europe

Some Memories Of

Haunts of Ancient Peace

By Negley Farson

THIS is not my title, as those of you will know who have read your poets laureate. But I have appropriated the title; for the word peace has a certain haunting quality about it these days; and I believe that there are more people looking backward to the last one than there are looking forward to the new one. And this is not nostalgia. It's just that we know that large parts of the world have been spoiled by the Germans, for the second time within our lives; and that, this time, some of them will be spoiled for a long time to come. Probably for so long that they will never regain their former peaceful qualities within our own lifetime. For example, I would point to the Bavarian "Mountainland," once one of the most delectable regions to roam over in all Europe. Bavaria, and Munich, of all cities, was selected by Hitler for the headquarters of his Brown House. Frankfort-on-Main and Bamberg are the stronghold of Streicher, worst Jew-baiter in all Germany. Bavaria, where so many of us used to find a second home, has been ruined for at least twenty-five years to come. I pick that time-span specifically, as I believe it will take a quarter of a century to re-educate a new generation of Bavarians.

I watched the changes in Bavaria. I spent part of the winter of 1930 in Munich, coming there directly after watching Hitler at the first Leipzig trial—that of the three Reichswehr officers, on trial on the charge of having been corrupted by the Nazis. This was the trial where Hitler made that infamous speech: "When I get into power—heads will roll in the sands . . . !" Munich in those days still had the patine of the Wittlesbachs, still had all the romanticism of the Mad Ludwigs hanging over it; was still the sympathetic focus for artists, singers, students from all over the world. I have never been in Munich, even in the subsequent "bad" years, when it did not give me a thrill, both mental and physical, which almost drove me into a frenzy to do some really worth-while work. I was back in Munich 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938—and each year I found myself becoming more uncomfortable there. Finally, when the Nazis had invaded Austria, and were making Jewish intellectuals and prominent philosophers scrub the sidewalks of Vienna—and a Nazi band, *from Vienna!* stampeded into my friendly old hotel—I told the proprietor whom I had come to know so well that, in saying good-bye, I was probably seeing him for the last time.

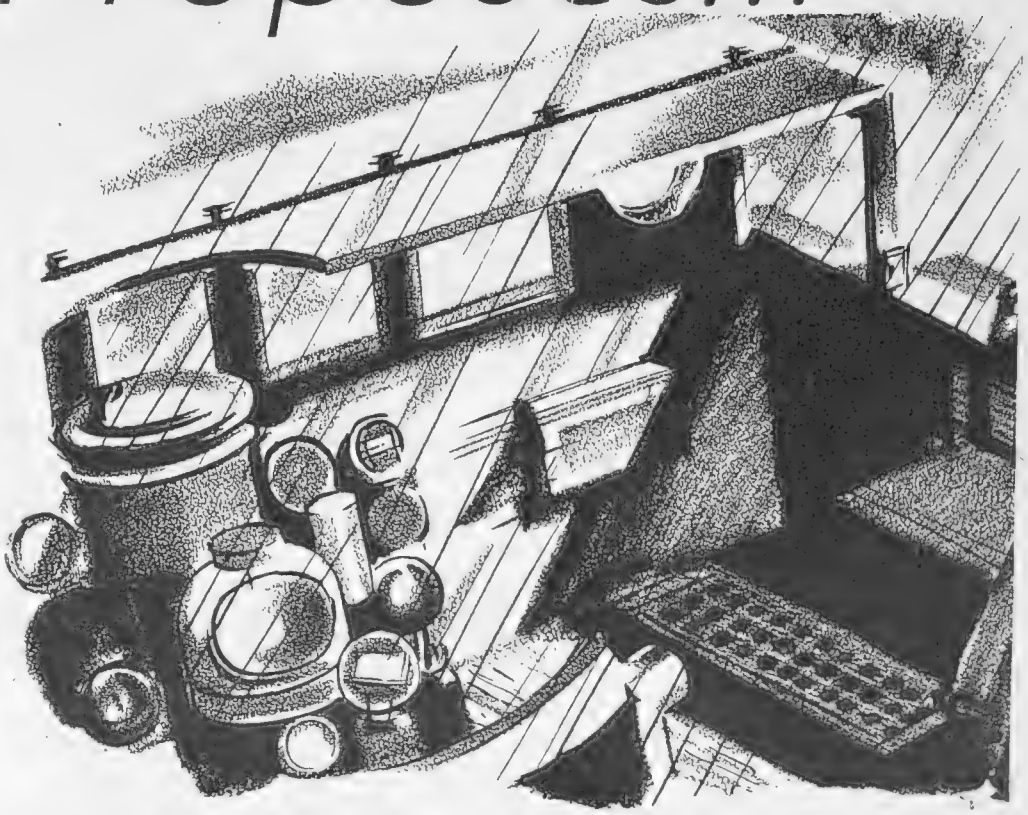
These Bavarians, with their fascinating mountain life, so exhilarating with its deep pine forests and perpetual snow on the mountain peaks, would have seemed the last people to have fallen for the Prussian cruelty embodied in Austrian-Hitler's Nazism. Yet they fell. In the little wooden chalet under the Zugspitz—the "Hotel zur Post," where I had spent part of the summers of 1935-36—the young proprietor there, once so fanatic about mountain climbing, was now strutting around in a black shirt. He was S.S., now—when I visited him in the spring of 1938. And the "Hotel zur Post" was no longer an abode of peace.

I believe that France will come back more quickly than even the most optimistic among us believe. I believe this was unquestionably (*Continued on page* 60)

A PEACEFUL scene of rural England. Harvesting in Warwickshire; Kenilworth Castle is seen in the background

A PICTURESQUE street in Les Andelys, Normandy

Man Proposes...



IN a world of noise and movement the two officers on the bridge of the destroyer were the only static things. They leant against their lashings, each in his corner, watching the endless march of the seas, alternately looking up to the foaming crest of some angry monster and then down into a trough of comparatively sheltered water.

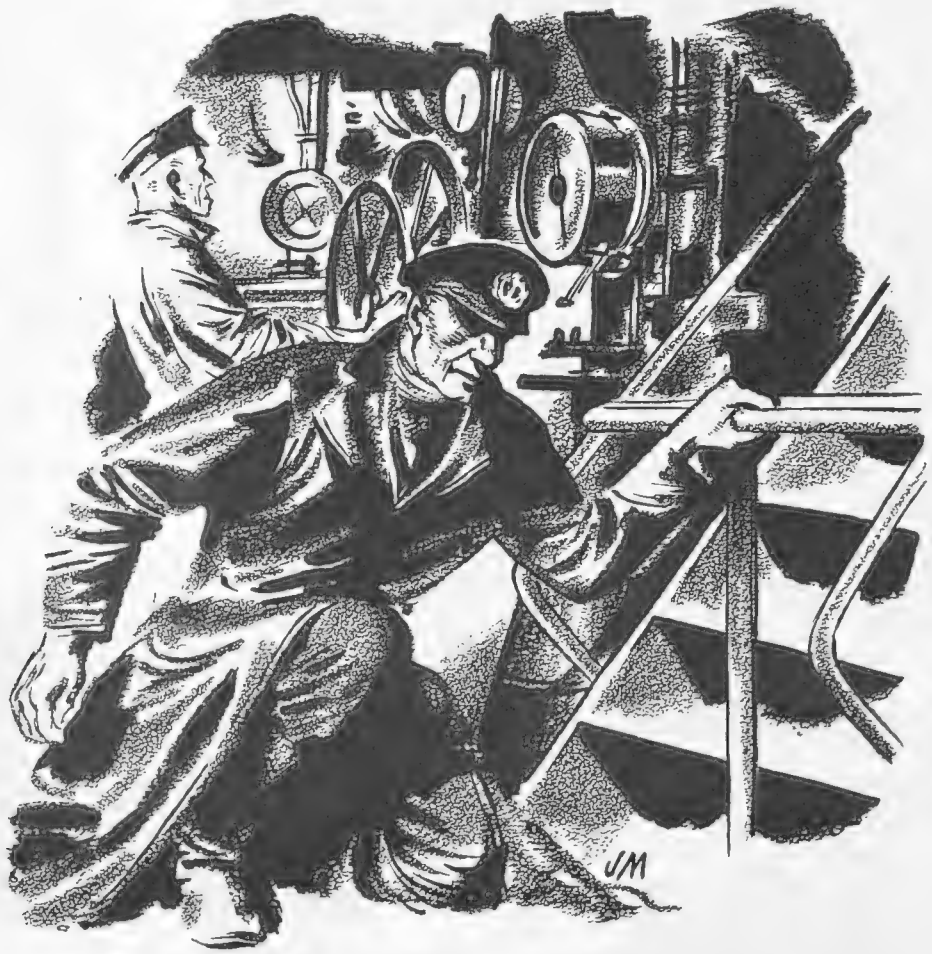
They had been there for hours, for in this hurricane there was no hope of relief from the other officers battened down aft. No man could move with hope of survival on that upper deck across which great foaming waves of Atlantic Ocean swept in confusion. It had been a bad gale for two days, since midnight it had become worse than that so that the old destroyer, splendid sea boat though she was, was making heavy going.

Presently the captain who occupied the starboard corner of the bridge began to rummage with one hand between the layers of his oil-skinned clothing and cautiously withdrew a pocket watch. It took some little time to do this, but in itself it was a relief from watching the maddening rhythm of the waves and trying to maintain a proper vigilance. The officer of the watch from his corner cocked an inquiring eye.

"Eleven-fifty," shouted the captain, "we ought to be in position by now according to dead reckoning."

Two and a half days ago the destroyer had been detached from her duties as escort to a large convoy to investigate the reported existence of a U-boat concentration. In normal weather she would have got to the position in a fraction of the time she was taking to batter her way against the fury of the winter's gale, but this was far from even normal bad weather.

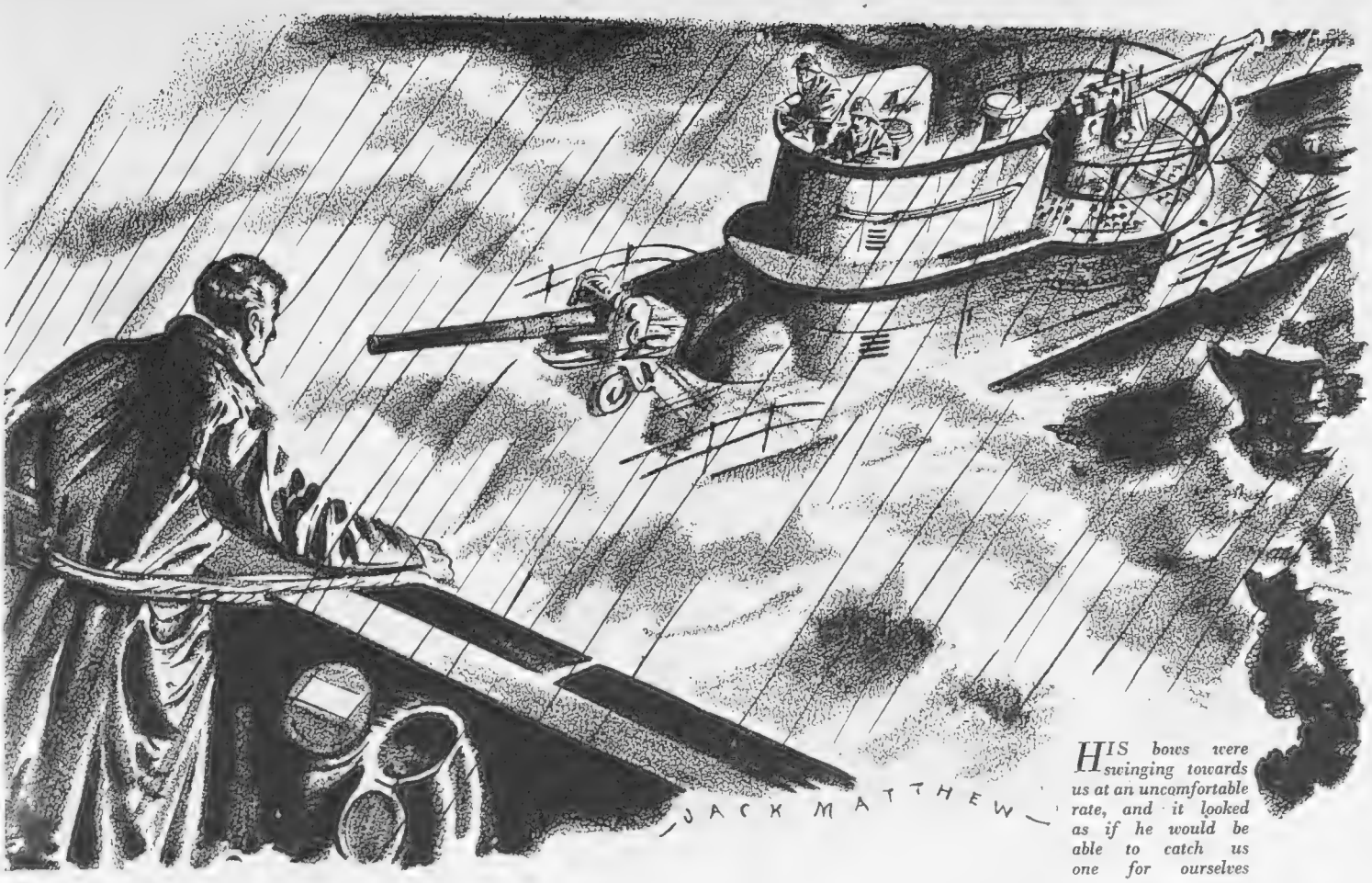
As a green sea crashed against the foremost 4-in. gun and sent tons of spray over the whole ship, the captain wondered idly what he could do in this howling gale if he were to sight a U-boat. He might, he reflected, be able to man a gun or even two, but whether the gun's crew could stand up sufficiently to produce a rapid and accurate fire, was another story. As for the U-boat, he thanked his stars that he himself was not in a submarine in this weather, the U-boat would be no more anxious for an encounter than he was, for when the forces of nature exerted themselves to the full the only thing that warring mankind could do was to fight, each individual, for his own safety.



The engineer commander grunted and laboriously pulled himself on to his feet

THE captain was not alone in his anxiety. Down in the engine room a venerable engineer commander squatted on the floor plates and listened to reports from the boiler rooms. There was no way out of the engine room save through the hatch and so he was loath to pay a visit to the places where he was needed. Until the weather subsided it was getting on for suicide to make one's way along the upper deck across which tumbling lines of foam constantly swept, pouring hundreds of gallons down the intakes into the boiler rooms so that the men worked below in sea boots and oilskins and the bilge pumps were working full out to keep the water level below the furnaces.

It was the main bilge pump in B boiler room that was the sole thought in the chief's tired brain. In every walk of life or group of machinery there is a weak link, that bilge pump was and always had been a source of trouble. Just now the telephone from B boiler room had croaked and the voice of the leading stoker had told a sorry story. Water was coming



HIS bows were swinging towards us at an uncomfortable rate, and it looked as if he would be able to catch us one for ourselves

An Exciting Experience of an Escorting Destroyer in a Fierce Atlantic Gale

By Gilbert Hackforth Jones

through the intakes at such a rate that the combined efforts of main and auxiliary bilge pumps had been necessary to control it and now the former had packed up. Instructions were asked for. At what stage, the engineer commander wondered, should he dowse fires in B boiler and batten it down so that the intakes no longer admitted such quantities of water? Before he abandoned half the destroyer's steaming power he must seek guidance from the captain, but rather than embark on that distasteful course he would get the bilge pump going again. Perhaps the leading stoker was getting windy and needed a bit of moral support. The phone croaked again and indicated that things were getting pretty urgent.

"Tell him I'm coming down," he grunted and laboriously pulled himself on to his feet. The engine room artificer of the watch saw him mount the steel ladder —open the hatch, and disappear through a layer of green water which poured solidly down the open hatch. He hoped vaguely that the old man would be all right and was greatly relieved when once more the phone from B boiler room hoarsely announced that the chief had arrived and was handling the crisis with success.

In the galley flat under the bridge, the gun's crew of the watch on deck had been told to shelter, they squatted against the bulkheads, smoked cigarettes and dozed, "standing by" fully clothed for the call to action which might come at any moment.

Forward on the mess decks hammocks were slung, for the men off watch had found that in them alone was the only comfort to be found. Somewhere down forward in the paint locker a loose canister banged maddeningly as it rolled about with the ship's motions.

Down aft the officers incarcerated in their living quarters and under instructions from their captain to remain below until the weather moderated, wedging themselves on bunks and settees, listened to the crashing overhead of the seas, the steering gear and the roaring of the propellers in sickening rhythm with the pitching of the stern.

Suddenly the third officer sat up, his head cocked: there was a change of cadence of the propeller noises.

"We've speeded up," he announced, "and there goes the helm—hold tight lads—we're going to turn!"

His warning was just in time for within a few seconds the destroyer was heeled over on to her side with a mighty crash and masses of water could be heard pouring across the decks overhead. There was a series of minor crashes as ill-secured articles broke loose and fell to the lee side, the young doctor was thrown off the port settee and landed across the knees of the gunner. Every one aboard braced himself against the unknown as the vessel lay over on her beam ends and quivered under the impact of the heavy seas. It seemed as if those monstrous waves knew that the time was ripe to strike and were speeding up the tempo of their blows.

It seemed an age to be lying over, it seemed as if something had happened which would prevent them ever again from coming upright.

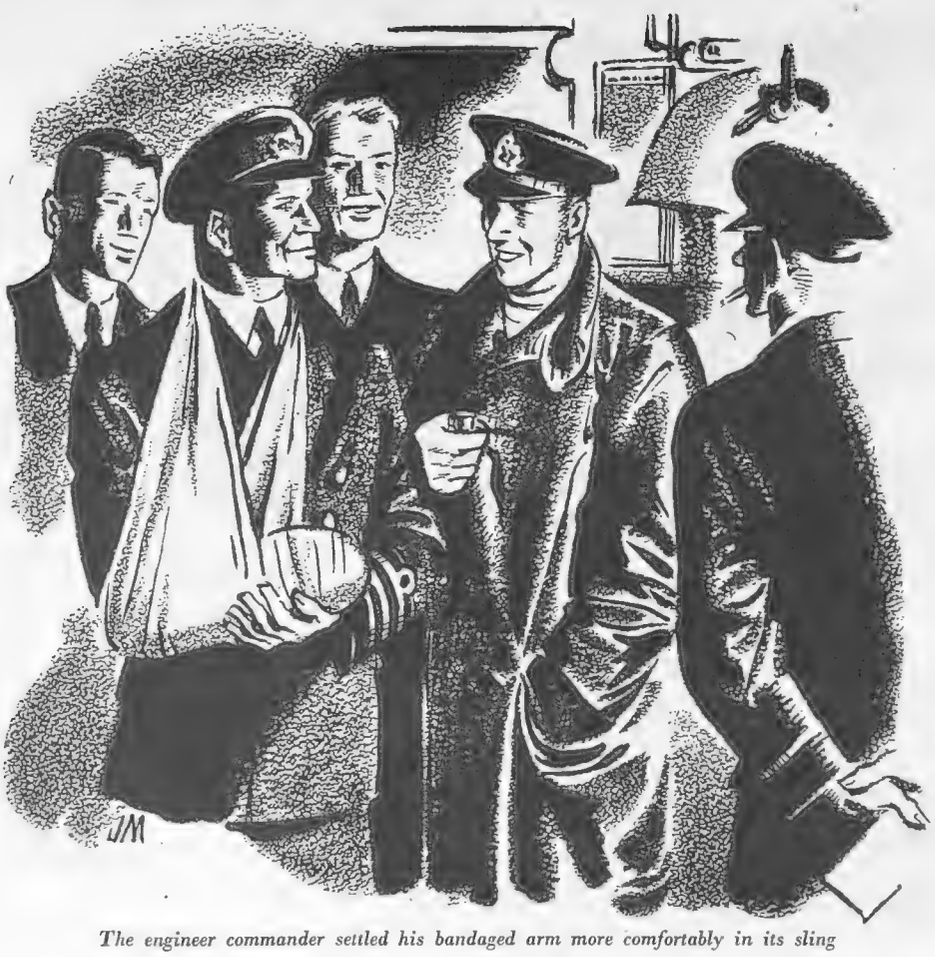
Slowly at first, and then with a wriggle, the destroyer righted herself and began to roll heavily.

"I wonder what it's all about," said the third officer.

PERHAPS we had better let the first lieutenant answer that question for he was an eye-witness and possessed a certain fluency of expression as he detailed the happenings to a host of listeners a few days afterwards.

"The gale was at its worst about midday. We were treated to a series of nonstop rain squalls and believe me, the hailstones were the size of marbles. It was curious to see how they flattened the tops of the waves, but that was all you could see for it was a physical impossibility to keep the eyes open to windward. The skipper and I lashed ourselves into our corners and wished for the gale to abate and thought of you lucky beggars nice and snug below. It was these hail squalls and the tremendous seas that prevented one from sighting anything more than a few cables distant.

Illustrations by Jack Matthew



The engineer commander settled his bandaged arm more comfortably in its sling

"Then, after the worst squall of all had subsided and the note of the wind in the rigging had dropped from that deathly over-tone to a mere wild shriek that I turned my face to the wind and tried to see if there was anybody else in the vicinity. There was!

"I give you my word that not more than a couple of hundred feet away, on the starboard beam and steering a parallel course to us, was a whacking great U-boat!

"If we were making heavy going she was just taking it solid green over the bridge and everything. It was clear that we were overtaking her for in the few seconds that I stood and gaped we came up on her. I yelled like blue murder to the captain and pointed and he nearly jumped out of his skin, after which he wasted no time. First he sounded the action signal and then as B gun's crew came tumbling up from the shelter of the galley flat he grabbed a megaphone and yelled for them to hang on whilst he altered course towards the U-boat. It must have been at about this stage that the Germans sighted us and to do them justice their first impulse was also to attack.

"The skipper shouted 'Hard a-starboard' and 'Full speed port' and almost one could hear the U-boat captain doing the same, only the opposite way, if you see what I mean. Simultaneously both ships began to turn inwards bent on ramming each other. I could see that the captain thought little of our chances of casting loose the chains from B gun before it was too late and he was more concerned in preventing the gun's crew from being washed overboard than on opening fire. As we swung to starboard it also became clear that the U-boat was inside our turning circle and was safe from ramming —but were we? He seemed to be working his inside screw astern and his bows were swinging towards us at an uncomfortable rate, for a nasty moment it looked as if he would be able to catch us one for ourselves abaft the engine room.

"The skipper saw what was happening and rang down 'Full ahead' and at the same moment we climbed up the side of the biggest wave I ever want to see. By now we and the U-boat were almost sharing the same wave, actually he was in the trough as we were on the crest. For a second or two I was able to look down on the U-boat's bridge, I saw two figures and then they both disappeared as if dodging something. They were right to do so for the leading signalman let fly at them with the starboard machine gun. His aim was rotten, but he sprayed the surroundings with bullets and the U-boat decided things were unhealthy. All the time we were swinging fast to starboard and beginning to expose ourselves to the full effects of a beam sea. By now we were in the trough and the U-boat was forty-odd feet higher up and to leeward. I saw his bows swing across our stern and tilt steeply downwards, he was diving and we could do nothing to stop him.

"Suddenly the skipper took his eyes off the U-boat and looked to windward and I did likewise. It was too late to do anything, but we both knew we were for it. A sea was just about to break over us.

"I had one of those momentary visions like they say drowning men have. I saw the curling crest of the wave and felt the ship beginning to heel as if trying to avoid the blow. I saw the U-boat's stern come out of the sea, her propellers whizzing in the air, I saw the captain's mouth saying 'hang on' and I saw the gun's crew cast an eye to windward (*Continued on page* 58)

I laid myself an even bet that the doctor hadn't secured himsel

A Rajputana Rifleman

A PATHAN of the King George V's Own Bengal Sappers and Miners

(Left) A member of a Sikh regiment which fought in the North African campaign

Our Fighting Men From India

By Sir William Barton

SOME 3,000 years or more ago Brahmin priestcraft riveted the caste system on the people of India. Of the four castes, Brahmins, Kshattriyas, Vaisyas (literary and commercial classes), and the Sudras, or servile caste, only the comparatively small caste of the Kshattriyas was made responsible for the defence of the country. The result was to weaken the morale of the greater part of the population: Hindu India has never been able to defend itself against invasion. The military weakness arising from the caste system was, as many Hindus admit, the direct cause of the Muslim conquest of the country in the tenth and eleventh centuries, followed by 700 years of Muslim rule.

Recruits for the Indian Army waiting for their medical inspection

The pre-war Indian army, about 150,000 strong, was recruited mainly from classes with military traditions, whose mettle had been proved in a hundred fights by the side of their British comrades. The Muslim element (nearly forty per cent) predominated, furnished mainly by the sturdy peasant clans of the Western Punjab. Gurkhas from the independent mountain kingdom of Nepal provided fifteen per cent; the Sikhs were well represented; Hindu recruitment for the most part was restricted to the peasant classes of the Punjab and the north generally, Jats, Dogras, Rajputs, Gujars, Garhwalis, peasant folk among whom caste influences were not firmly established, the reason being that they were among the latest invaders from the north-west in pre-Muslim times and had not been completely absorbed by Brahminism before the Muslim invasion. The Hindu Maratha peasantry of the south has always been well represented in the Indian army.

Battalions of this fine material, with the established proportion of British units, made up the 4th Indian Division which won unfading laurels in the North African campaign.

The lack of military traditions and associations in the Brahmin and Hindu literary castes, who are almost entirely responsible for the political movement in India during the last fifty years, unquestionably weakens their claim to rule. This probably explains the welcome given by the Congress Party to Gandhi's offer to win home rule for them with his new technique of civil disobedience, or non-violent revolution, twenty-three years ago.

The power and influence of the party built up under Gandhi's leadership at one time appeared to make Hindu majority rule a certainty. The Muslims were not prepared to accept Hindu domination; Muslim predominance in the army was at least a safeguard against such a contingency; they are determined to maintain it at all costs. Congress under Gandhi's dictatorship opposes non-violence to the military spirit of Islam.

The great party of orthodox Hinduism, the Mahasabha, repudiates the Congress policy of non-violence; Hindu majority rule, on which they insist, is, in their view, impossible unless the Muslim element is eliminated from the army or overawed by more numerous Hindu contingents; to achieve Hindu predominance they are encouraging the enlistment of Hindus in the new armies. The Mahasabha has considerable influence with the Marathas.

Recruitment on *(Continued on page 56)*

The Man From The Islands

A Story Of Montmartre

By George Slocombe

YOU could not live in Montmartre, in the days before Hitler came to Paris, without sharing its pride in the peculiar antiquity, the bizarreness, the rough intimacy of the wineshop kept by Thédé, and in the picturesqueness, the peculiar antiquity, the rude boisterousness of Thédé himself.

Thédé was a character, and beyond that nobody knew, or would admit, anything. He had adopted Montmartre and Montmartre had adopted him. On some morning ignored of the younger generation of Montmartrois, the tumbledown, untenanted wineshop on the side of the hill had found a tenant. Smoke had issued from the chimney; a curtain had replaced the dust that obscured the ancient glass door; and in the open space before the establishment a strange figure of uncertain age, his face almost totally hidden behind a long bushy yellow beard streaked with grey, and the upper part of his head entirely concealed by a moleskin bonnet, had been seen to stand for a long time scanning the horizon with vacant, red-rimmed eyes. And that evening the red-curtained door of the *débit de vins* stood open to indicate the hospitality that might be found within.

In the morning sunlight the wineshop had an air of shabby stage scenery brought out into the broad day, dusty, drab and incredible, after long captivity in the rear darkness and hidden life of a theatre. It was unbelievably old, but not with an honest and picturesque age. It had, you felt, been assembled by a jerry-builder out of banal and counterfeit antiquities. Hideous grey stucco crumbled away on its walls. Loose shutters, from which the original green paint had long since blistered away, flapped suddenly in the wind, or swung slowly and creakingly at its windows. Patches of anæmic grass grew pathetically in the few square yards of unpaved courtyard in front of the door. Before the windows, and shaded by a blasted plane tree, stood two rough tables, growing green with mildew and red-ringed with spilt wine.

That was the daytime aspect of Thédé's establishment. Nothing in this rude exterior recalled the aspect of the wineshop as most of its clients saw it at night. Ah, then it was subtly transformed! You saw only a warm glow of light from the windows; the dancing light of copper pans in the kitchen seen through the open door; the windows and their shutters opened wide, with bursts of song and the deep heart-notes of a strummed guitar coming out through them into the green night; and outside, under the blasted tree, dark figures in couples murmuring at the tables in the darkness.

It always seemed to me that to this astonishing contrast, so impressive to the casual visitor, Thédé was blind. He saw the wineshop from the inside of his warm kitchen, odorous with the mingled smell of cooking, old wood and cellared wine. In the mornings, in the spring and summer, he sat on a bench outside his door and meditated happily, his long beard sweeping his chest, his moleskin bonnet pulled down over his eyes, and only looked up to roar a response, unexpectedly boisterous from that figure of antiquity, to some remembered client passing by. In the evenings he stood welcomingly by the zinc, bottle-covered counter inside the door, shouting encouragement to sheepish visitors in a sing-song voice. Or he vamped an accompaniment on the 'cello, as big as his own square, robust body, to the singing in the inner, smoke-filled room.

At the zinc bar, her red cheeks, white arms and black hair appreciated hastily between the flood of incoming and outgoing clients, Ninette, surnamed "La Belle," alternately filled and washed glasses, uncorked bottles, poured out strange-coloured apéritifs, received and gave small change, flirted, laughed and sometimes

SHE had sat down on the bench beside him, and they had begun to talk

WHEN Thédé had returned with two glasses and had boisterously drunk his client's health, the red-faced man sat back and talked genially and at length

swore. Ninette was married to Thédé's son Marcel, a square-shouldered young man with a firm red mouth and heavy black eyebrows, and a black love-lock plastered low over his temples. Marcel worked by day as wireman for an electrical company and in the evenings helped Ninette in the bar.

Of Marcel's mother, the wife of Thédé, there remained to Thédé's neighbours in Montmartre but a vague rumour, a half-formed suspicion, a memory light and uncapturable.

But to Thédé himself the mother of Marcel was still a warm, familiar presence. After twenty years he could remember her vividly. He could see her tripping in her black stockings and high-heeled shoes along the broad sanded walk in the gardens of the Tuileries, as he sat, on that first day of their lives together, an abject, lean, half-famished creature on a park bench. There was a March wind that ruffled the waters of the lake and made the white-sailed boats of the children heel over. In spite of the sunshine, it was cold when you had not eaten since yesterday noon, but he forgot the emptiness of his belly when he saw Jeanne-Marie, dark-eyed and comely in the sun. She had sat down on the bench beside him, and they had begun to talk.

When she knew that he was peasant-born, she talked freely. Then she had seen that he was hungry, and had run impetuously over to the painted kiosk, where the old woman sold balloons and skipping-ropes and new bread and hard, unsweetened chocolate for the *goûter* of children on Thursdays, and had returned to place a paper bag full of bread and chocolate in his hands and to run away without waiting for his embarrassed thanks.

But the next day she came again. She was a chambermaid in one of the big hotels that faced the gardens, and had only an hour free in the afternoons and a half-day on Sundays. Soon she had begun to smuggle out broken meats and cakes and a nearly full bottle of wine to him, as he waited for her on the seat in the gardens.

And then one night she told him there was a job as *plongeur*, dish-washer, in the cellars of the hotel, if he would like it, and by slipping twenty francs to the big red-faced porter at the staff entrance in the side street she thought she could get it for him. It was not much, a hundred francs a month and your meals, but with what she earned as chambermaid they could live on that. They might find a sixth-floor apartment, with a kitchen and a *cabinet de toilette*.

That was in the good years, when the franc was worth something. Everything seemed easier in those years, thought Thédé sadly. . . . And then Marcel had been born to them . . . and Jeanne-Marie had died soon after of tuberculosis. Chambermaids and waitresses often did, it appeared.

But Marcel, *Dieu merci*, had remained to him. A good boy, who had never disappointed him in anything. And now there was the petite Ninette, Marcel's wife. Life had been hard, but he had known much happiness.

It was another morning in March, a sunny morning after a gusty night of wind and rain and Thédé sat warming himself upon his bench outside the door, filling his pipe slowly with thin, fibrous strands of tobacco taken loose from his pocket.

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier

DUDU the Bull uttered a curse that was strangled in his throat by the urgent desire to weep, and allowed himself to be led away

His field of vision embraced lazily the cobblestones of the short, steep street that climbed the hill past the wineshop. At the bottom of the street the dwarfed figure of a man appeared, so foreshortened that Thédé could see nothing but his hard, black hat and his boots, as the latter advanced and retired. Thédé watched the figure lazily, and then, without raising his eyes, he was aware that the boots which belonged to the hard, black hat were now resting upon the ground in front of him; that the hat itself—Thédé looking up now with a slight frown—was being held in the hand of a red-faced man, who wiped his brow and comfortably cursed the early March heat; and finally that the man had seated himself opposite Thédé at the green-mildewed table.

"It would be an idea," said the man in the hard black hat humorously, "if I took something against a cold, after walking in this heat. Something, besides, which would deal with a thirst abnormal in this season. A *Picon à l'eau*, in effect. And you, *Monsieur le patron*, what will you take?"

Thédé rose to his feet, sighed heavily, transformed his sigh into a throaty chuckle of appreciation, and departed into the interior of the inn. When the *patron* had returned with two glasses and had boisterously drunk his client's health, the red-faced man sat back and talked genially and at length.

When the drinks were finished and the client continued to discourse, Thédé began to be aware of a slight impatience. He was prejudiced against customers in the morning. Ninette was usually occupied in the kitchen and he had to serve occasional clients himself. He liked to keep his mornings sacred to his meditations, the memories that crowded into his mind of a distant youth.

And then, while he sat stolidly, bluff, ancient and enigmatical behind his bonnet and vast beard, Thédé slowly became prey to a cold suspicion. Through a mask of coarse geniality the client was watching him closely, and the mind of Thédé knew that if his own abstracted eyes should look up suddenly, they would meet a rigid, watchful gaze, quickly shifted on recognition.

For some minutes the tenant of the wineshop paid a vague, uneasy attention to the other's monologue, and then he coughed, spread his hands deprecatingly and shambled away, muttering to the bar. The red-faced man looked quickly at the nearest window of the wineshop, and laughed silently as he saw the dingy-red curtain move slightly.

When the old man returned he found the client ready to go, and feeling in his pockets for the small coins that would pay for the drinks. And as he stooped to pick up the money placed on the rough table, he heard the other say, as if in a soliloquy not meant for other ears :—

"*Vous êtes très bien ici, hein?* It is not so bad as yonder, on the islands, *hé, mon vieux?*"

And whistling cheerfully an air which had been popular in Montmartre twenty years before, the client walked jauntily down the hill.

Like a man haunted by the recollection of a dream, Thédé watched the disappearing figure until, at the bottom of the street, the boots had again merged into the hat, from which they emerged alternately, like crazy automatons. He saw the figure disappear, and then the cobble-stoned hill itself disappear.

The blue haze above the roof-tops of Paris brightened into a harder and bluer haze, the horizon of a vast sea, on which the sun shone intolerably for a year of days. He could see the surf curling on the point of the island, and he knew that beyond the surf were the sharks.

Their dark fins might be seen sometimes, in the early morning, like shadows in the blue water. They never left the island, not for a moment, and when sometimes a bronzed man in grey, unbleached linen broke from (*Continued on page 66*)

THE young Marcel, her husband, stood talking easily to casual acquaintances at the bar

On Duty and Off

Tough women are tiresome at any age, even when they are young and pretty. I met two of this kind the other evening at a small dinner-party. They were "old-school-tie" girls, and you would know the name of the school at once if I told it to you. Their toughness took the form of hearty rudeness to the Americans of the party. Neither girl wore uniform, although they are both engaged in war work, and their boasted dislike of all things American was so superbly "blimpish" that it quite made the party for the Americans.

This particular brand of bad manners is intended for nothing more than good, clean fun, but it should be kept for the piping days of peace and for home consumption. Fortunately, girls in uniform have extremely good manners, and it's a pity that anyone should make the mistake of thinking bad manners are smart.

I think we can honestly say that bad manners to the Americans in this country are the exception rather than the rule, and that when our Allies return home, they will make better propaganda for us than we were ever able to make for ourselves. "Old-school-tie" girls who are guilty of this "blimpish" offence should be sent back to their old school and receive a thorough spanking.

By Jane Gordon

ON DUTY

MOST women hate to work during the hot weather, and even if the summer day is only mildly warm someone is bound to say to you on duty, "How I hate this weather! It makes me feel as limp as a rag."

So here are some anti-limp, hot-weather hints aimed at making you feel as crisp as lettuce. If you are on your feet all day long, you will want to put your best foot forward, and there are lots of aches and pains which increase almost unbearably during the hot weather. This business of part-patching the soles of shoes makes the inside of the sole humped up, and after a time you will find that you have grown a brand-new callous with a razor-edge which can be agony. The best way of dealing with this is to shave off the top of the callous with a scrupulously clean safety-razor blade and apply Elastoplast. Hold the razor-blade in a handkerchief or small towel while you are shaving the callous, steady your foot and hold the toes back firmly with the left hand. Shave the callous carefully in thin layers, so that you do not go too deeply and cause bleeding. Then cut two rounds of the padding, the first a small one which fits over the callous exactly and next a larger round, allowing a good margin beyond the first piece. Leave this on for two or three weeks if possible and then re-apply. You will find that the padding saves you pressure, eases pain and in the end cures the callous.

You can also get a plantar wart from badly-soled or patched shoes. This looks like a black spot on the sole of your foot under a callous, and the two rounds of Elastoplast is also a good treatment for these warts. You can omit the shaving, and I have seen the padding applied in this way cure quite bad plantar warts without any further treatment.

No one can deal with corns as well as a chiropodist. After a hard corn has been removed, see that your toe is wrapped round with lamb's-wool and keep the lamb's-wool on for a week or two. You will find that it dries immediately you get out of the bath. The only way to deal with soft corns is to be particularly careful to dry between the toes.

Massage with surgical spirit once a day through the hot weather is the most comforting foot treatment I know. If you cannot get this, get two basins, one filled with hot water and the other with cold. Plunge the foot first into the hot water, then into the cold, alternating several times and finishing with the cold plunge.

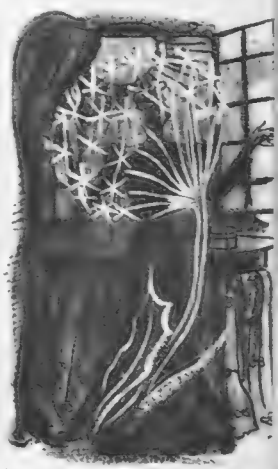
Personal freshness depends on four kinds of cleanliness: (1) a clean body; (2) fresh clothes; (3) clean teeth free from decay and particles of food; and, most important of all (4) inside cleanliness.

You may find it difficult to get deodorant creams, powders and lotions in these days, but you can still get Dettol and use a few drops of this in the rinsing water for under-arm and foot freshness. Use a few drops of Dettol also when you give your uniform stockings their last rinse through.

Remember that prolonged soaking tends to make the skin soggy. What the skin needs is brisk friction with a stiff sponge, rough flannel or loofah, thorough drying with a good, rough towel and, if possible, the added luxury of a dusting of talc.

OFF DUTY

A LITTLE of what you fancy does you good, or so they say, but you have small opportunity of doing yourself good in this fashion until after the war is won. You might easily fancy one of those enchanting sets of Elizabeth Arden make-up, the flat white box containing matching lipstick, cream rouge and nail groom, or again you might fancy a corselet or girdle by Berlei, Le Gant or Gossard, or sheer silk stockings by Aristoc or Kayser. But some of these pleasant luxuries of the past are for the future; and for the present we must make do with what we can find. If you know where to look, you can find alternatives which will give you good war service. For instance, last week I found a full range of cosmetics, consisting of six shades of lipstick with powder rouge to match. The lipstick shades come in Bright Geranium, Geranium, Scarlet, Ruby, Garnet, Fuchsia and Petunia, and the powder rouge includes Bright Geranium, Soft Geranium, Rose Pink, Soft Rose Pink, Brunette and Soft Brunette. Believe it or not, there is even cream rouge, in three shades—Pink Geranium, Pink Rose and Brunette. I also liked the face powder, particularly the shade Anglaise for blondes and Sungleam for brunettes. Of the creams, the "Skin Diet" interested me most. This is a skin food which melts at blood temperature and changes into a soluble liquid which is easily absorbed by the skin, so it is particularly useful to the woman with a dry, sensitive skin. There are also some very pleasant talcum powders, one called Lavender, which is reminiscent of French Fern, and another labelled Sweet Pea, which has a sharp, light perfume and is particularly pleasant for summer use.



If you had the time to spare, I could even take you to a shop two minutes from Bond Street where you will find as complete a range of beauty preparations as you would ever see in peacetime. Here you can buy cleansing cream for 4/-, one of the best cold creams I have ever met for 2/-, a light orange cream, a really nourishing skin food and a foundation cream, all priced at 4/-. There is another place where you can get three shades of cream rouge—Chelsea Rose, which is a lovely soft rose shade; Flamingo, which has an undertone of orange; and Exotic. There are lipsticks in these colours, plus garnet and amethyst. Talcum powders here are Chypre, Gardenia and Lavender Sprigs.

LAYETTE FOR A SOLDIER'S SON

FIRST TIME OUT. MOTHER AND SON GOING HOME

The Great

IT would be pleasant, in a way, if babies grew on gooseberry bushes, but, if we had the choice, not many women would wish to miss the most exciting and mysterious adventure in life—the adventure of having a baby.

A baby in wartime is a great adventure. The hazards of war and the uncertainties of the coming peace; the separation from the one person who can share the thrill and the suspense of waiting—her husband—do not make it easier for the expectant mother. But they do, in a curious way, fortify her strength and enhance her sense of achievement.

Don't misinterpret the use of the word "hazards." Despite the war, childbirth was never so safe as now for the woman of average health and of average intelligence, who conducts her pregnancy on simple, scientific lines.

Modern motherhood makes no demands upon women that Nature and science have not fully equipped her to meet with confidence. She does not even sacrifice personal beauty, except for a short period of inflated contours, which are unbecoming or not according to your personal reactions. In any case, how often do you see a woman now, fully recovered from childbirth, whose figure has not returned to normal and even gained a certain loveliness from the fulfilment of Nature's greatest ideal? Not many.

Thousands of women are continuing in their jobs to-day—even so far as the seventh or eighth month

SELF-OPERATED ANALGESIA.

THIS WAS WORTH FIGHTING FOR

BREAST-MILK FROM BOTTLES

BABY IN

Summer heat and sunshine of vitality for everybody, is used in the wisest way. of conduct for little children, selves how to act in the

A little less than normal temperature is really high. and little children should be selves sitting down, rather

Early morning sunshine is even if it isn't the hottest. bring him in to rest when the

Feed him on light, milky shredded green vegetables to water drinks with a little thirst and keep the system

Babies in arms don't feel children, who are using up

Young skins are hypertenderly protected from the

WARD FOR TWO MOTHERS IN A MODERN HOSPITAL

BIG MOMENT IN THE DELIVERY ROOM

Adventure Of Having A Baby

of pregnancy—and finding the physical exercise and the mental preoccupation the best antidote to suspense.

Employers are sympathetic and co-operative in these days of labour shortage, and allow time off for regular attendance at the doctor's or at one of the pre-natal clinics, which every woman in the country is entitled to attend for the regular check-up that promises comfortable pregnancy, easy confinement and a rapid recovery.

Dieting for motherhood is not a complicated affair. It is not necessary to eat more food because a baby is coming, but it is important to eat the kind of food which the body requires for its mysterious work of creation.

For instance, a developing baby makes heavier and heavier demands upon the mother's reserves of iron and calcium. Unless she has enough of these to supply the baby and still satisfy the requirements of her own system, there may be trouble.

Calcium comes more freely in milk than in any other food, and the expectant mother needs at least a pint a day, which, under the Government Scheme, she is entitled to have on the production of a certificate from any registered midwife or doctor, at twopence a pint. She is also entitled to an issue of orange-juice, cod-liver oil and extra shell eggs, all important to the maintenance of her own good health and the baby's.

For the rest, diet should be fairly light and include plenty of all the green raw vegetables and fruit so rich in vitamins.

The cost of having a baby is, as it always was, almost entirely a matter of choice and of personal standards. The health and safety of the mother and baby do not depend in any way upon the price of a layette or the trimmings of a cot. In wartime a layette is, of necessity, a simple affair, but babies are no less healthy on this account.

A special issue of sixty coupons is made for expectant mothers for the preparation of a layette. This is adequate to provide the baby with a comfortable, warm trousseau.

The question whether or not to have a baby at home or in a nursing home or hospital depends on circumstances, but undoubtedly a hospital or home is best.

At all times, either in peace or war, you gain a lot in safety and in confidence from facing the adventure of childbirth in a place where the atmosphere, the equipment, in fact the whole set-up, are designed for that purpose, and that alone. In wartime, when general practitioners are harassed and overworked, subject to delays and pressed for time, a hospital or nursing home, where patients have the attention of a staff of qualified people on the spot, is the *only* place to have a baby. Hospitals and nursing homes are short-staffed, and it may be necessary to try several. At least, a very early booking is advisable. The promised improvement in midwives, along with the high-pressure recruitment of midwives now going on will, it is hoped, ease the difficult situation in the near future.

Recovery in a place where the anxieties and preoccupations of the home are out of sight; where the mother can relax and learn to handle her baby under the best instruction, is the easiest and quickest kind of recovery. People who tell harrowing tales about maternity hospitals belong to the class who tell harrowing tales about everything, including the terrors of childbirth itself, of which there could not be a more natural function in life, or one which has repeated itself so frequently, so successfully and with such abundant joy for the "sufferers."

Winifred Lewis

THE HEAT

should store up a useful source especially for children, if it
Here are some simple rules who cannot judge for them-
hottest weather.

exercise is advisable if the
Hot weather is enervating encouraged to amuse them-
than rushing around.

the richest in every sense,
Get your child out early and sun is strongest.

things and plenty of raw
keep the blood cool. Barley-
artificial flavouring quench
flushed when it most needs it.

the heat so much as older
energy in walking around.

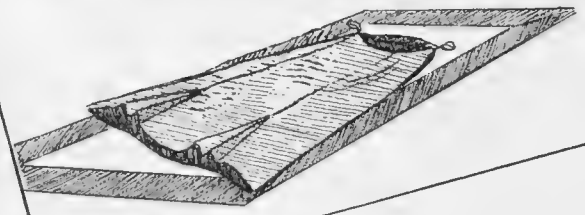
sensitive and should be
direct rays of the sun.

THEY ARE VERY SLIPPERY

DAY'S MENU FOR NEW MOTHER

DRESS:

By Jean Burnup
Editor Women's Department



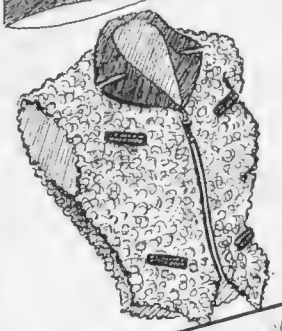
Every other woman has a coat to-day. Alas, every other woman also has a seat to her suit skirt to-day. This need not be. The narrowest, tightest skirt can maintain plumb-line straightness at the back. Don't hang it up when you take it off, but lay it flat on the carpet, smooth it out with hands and stockinged feet, and leave it there all night

Buying a pair of shoes to-day requires a new approach. You give up your lunchtimes for at least two weeks. Then you start the rounds. Entering the shop, you do not make so bold as to specify style, colour, shape, material. You say, timidly, "Have you any five-and-a-halves?" The assistant gives you a we-must-humour-her look and says, "Nothing but twos and seven-and-a-halves." And out you slink, wishing that mother had bound your feet. In fact, most of the reputable makers continue to make good shoes. There is still a wide range of styles and sizes, for instance, in Arch Preserver, Vani-Tred, Styleez, Joyce and Physical Culture models. But, of course, supplies are restricted. Meanwhile, if you are lucky enough to have a good pair of pre-war sandals with worth-while soles, you can give them a good man's aid. Get him first to strip off the old tops and insoles. Then stick some folded, shaped strips of the with carpet webbing, glue, cord and a good new peep-toe tops. webbing around the top of the sole. Fix on a heel piece with folded loops (as sketch), stick a nice new sole on top, leave a heavy weight on over-night, thread and cross cord through the toe loops, and finally tie in front

Scarlet Rodier wool, with navy leather facings and tie belt. A Percy Trilneck model

Navy, rayon linen bolero suit—useful in a score of ways—taking six coupons, £3 16s. 6d. Harrods

Austerity of styling, first of all forced on us by Board of Trade edict, is now so keyed to our war lives that it is impossible to think we ever wore anything else. Stark, bare-bones lines have all the limelight, and rightly. Still, it is nice to let ourselves go with colour. Burning reds, shining yellows, vivid blues, brilliant purples have enlivened the summer scene everywhere. Mixed colours, too, is a gay and practical current idea. You could make a jockey blouse, for instance, out of varicoloured pieces, which might have been lying doggo, or were cleverly-bought remnants. Slim diaphragms, only, can take this idea horizontally. A sheepskin waistcoat (sketch at right) is a cosy thought for the days to come. This one has a red suede collar, revers and pockets, and takes two skins—these are around 57s. each, uncouponed—but one skin alone would make a front, and the back could be suede or leather, which also takes no coupons



Let us say you have a silk day frock which is past it, in the cupboard, and an invitation which calls for a long frock, on your shelf. If the frock really is past it, and there are no complications about the skirt, it could be turned into a long frock thus: Join at the hem a piece of black stuff—part of an old slip, or an old coat lining would do. On this foundation, flounce tiers of black lace. Cut out the old sleeves and fix long lace ones

Time lag . . . how well women now comprehend these words. Three weeks for getting your shoes heeled. Three months for a girdle to be reconditioned. As for the tailor, you say to him, "Can I have this for the autumn?" And he says, "Certainly, madam, next autumn." Well, if that is how it is, we must adjust ourselves to taking a long-term view about clothes. Give yourself six months' start when you are planning. Gardeners think this way, why can't we?

Sigrid

This Takes Three Coupons

ABBREVIATIONS
K. = knit ; p. = purl ; m. = make ; s. = slip ; st. = stitch or stitches ; tog. = together ; beg. = beginning.

MATERIALS

2 oz. light colour 3-ply ; 2 oz. medium 3-ply ; 2 oz. dark 3-ply ; No. 9 needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 in. ; length, 24 in. ; sleeve seam, 4 in.

TENSION

7 sts. and 9 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

Cast on 194 sts. in dark wool. Work all k. for 10 rows. Change to medium wool and work stocking st. for 10 rows. Now 10 rows of light colour. Continue stocking st. and stripes in this order and k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of next and every 4th row until there are 90 sts. Work 1 in. straight. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of next and every 4th row until there are 118 sts. Work straight until centre measures 17 in. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 90 sts. Change to all light colour stocking st. and work straight until armholes are 8 in. round curve. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of every row until there are 30 sts. Cast off.

THE FRONT

Work as back until it is time to change to all light colour at yoke. Now work 49 sts. Turn. Leave other 41 on holder until later. Work straight for 4 in. Cast off 10 sts. at neck edge. K. 2 tog. at neck edge on every row until there are 30 sts. Work straight until armhole is 8 in. round curve Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of every other row at armhole edge until there are no sts. left.

Pick up 8 sts. across front already worked (on right side of work) with needle on which the st. for other side are slipped, making 49. Work to correspond to left side.

THE SLEEVES (2 alike)

Cast on 76 sts. Work stocking st. for 5 in. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 30 sts. Cast off.

THE COLLAR

Cast on 90 sts. Work stocking st. and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row by working into front and back of 3rd st. from edge until there are 110 sts. Now k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row by knitting tog. 3rd and 4th sts. from edge until there are 90 sts. Cast off.

THE REVER LININGS (2 alike)

Cast on 22 sts. Work stocking st. for 4 in. Cast off.

—And This Only Two

MATERIALS

2 oz. Copley's Excelsior 2-ply wool in pale blue ; 2 oz. same in deep mulberry ; No. 10 needles ; 3 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 in. ; length, 20 in. ; sleeve seam, 4 in.

TENSION

8 st. and 11 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

Cast on 52 sts. in blue and 52 in mulberry. Work k. 2, p. 2 rib, using colours as on needle and twisting wools at centre of row to avoid gaps. When 4 in. are worked, make 1 st. at beg. and end of next and every 4th row until there are 68 sts. of each colour. Work straight until side seams are 13 in. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 52 sts. of each colour. Now work on mulberry st. only and leave blue st. until later, until armhole is 8 in. round curve. Cast off 6 sts. at outside edge on every other row until there are 20 sts. left. Cast off. Work blue st. the same.

THE FRONT

Work as back, until decreasing for armholes is finished. Cast off. Cast on 2 sts. in blue. K. them. **2nd row.**—Cast on 2 sts., k. them, p. 2. **3rd row.**—Cast on 2 sts., p. them, k. 2, p. 2. **4th row.**—Cast on 2 sts., p. them, k. 2, p. 2, k. 2. **5th row.**—Cast on 2 sts., k. them, p. 2, k. 2, p. 2, k. 2. **6th row.**—Cast on 2 sts., k. them, p. 2, k. 2, p. 2, k. 2, p. 2. **7th row.**—Cast on 2 sts., p. them, k. 2, p. 2, k. 2, p. 2, k. 2, p. 2. **8th row.**—Cast on 2 sts., p. them, k. 2, p. 2, k. 2, p. 2, k. 2, p. 2, k. 2.

You are thus casting on 2 sts. at beg. of every row, and working k. 2, p. 2 rib. When there are 56 sts., k. 2 tog. at right edge of work only, on every other row until there are no sts. left. Work another piece in mulberry. (Contd. on p. 67)

About Your Heart

Eat plenty of salads

Wise breathing rewards the heart

THE heart is divided into two halves: the left side passes the clean, red oxygen-laden blood out into the body and brain; the right side receives all the dark toxin-laden blood which has just finished its body tour and pumps it into the lungs, where it is cleansed, oxygen-filled again, and goes from the lungs to the left side, to start its tour again.

A slow or faulty beat will clog the dark blood in the lungs and, in an effort to cleanse and be rid of the clogging blood, the lungs will thirst for oxygen and you will try to take in breath far more rapidly than is normal.

Again, if your heart is slow, the blood will supply less oxygen per minute and collect less toxins per minute, so that the cells will subtract every atom of oxygen from the blood and will cram it with their waste matter.

But it is not in the disorders of the heart that we are interested here, because they are the concern of your doctor. And let me say here that if you have any fear that your heart is in the least out of gear, do consult your doctor, as in most cases you will find that the heart is quite healthy and that you are merely suffering from bad digestion.

What we are concerned with is the treatment that a good heart deserves.

The first and most evident point that asserts itself is that if, by wise eating, you keep your bloodstream at its right consistency and your cells not too toxin-laden, you are not giving your heart more work to do than necessary. In the same way, if you breathe correctly so that your heart is well repaid for its pumping of the blood into the lungs, you are easing up the strain on your heart.

We must try to get all the vegetables and salads we can this summer and autumn—they are great blood-purifiers, specially the green salads, watercress, spinach, raw cabbage and carrots.

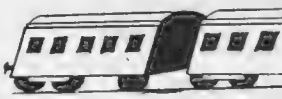
Keeping your liver and kidneys clean also helps to lessen the work of your heart, because blood overladen with toxins for years will certainly cause toxin deposits at the arteries and thus increase the energy needed for the pumping of the blood.

The pulse is the red flag for heart-beats. If your pulse is pumping faster than the usual 59 to 80 beats per minute, then your heart is having to work faster. It can work faster in spurts just as we all can, but if that spurt is extended into a Marathon, then the heart wears out.

In this way, any physical-endurance test is bad for your heart. In the same way, a long session of fear, bad temper or hurrying, or any excitement that causes your pulse to react, is bad for your heart in a degree.

No one wants you to become heart-conscious in such a way as to affect your normal everyday activities; but these rules are all general health ones that will pay good dividends in strength, health and energy.

The pulse is the red flag for heart-beats



Really Necessary

Yes, your journey is really necessary, so you are forgiven your seat, but you are not forgiven if through misguided zeal you affect your day's activities by unwise travelling.

RELAX. Assuming that you have a seat, rid your lap of all parcels, sit well back in your seat to take that slump strain off your spine, and relax all your body muscles. Brain-workers should relax mentally as well, forgetting home or office worries, doing a cross-word puzzle or talking to a fellow-traveller.

DON'T READ. This rule is elastic in that it does not apply to those travellers who don't use their eyes for their day's work: also it depends to a great extent on the jerkiness of the vehicle or train; and to the season. It is a drastic rule for those who do use their eyes during the day—because it forbids reading on any journey that is at all jerky, in any carriage that is at all gloomy or ill-lit.

Health and Beauty By Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of anything mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

NOWADAYS—perhaps because wise dieting has lessened the bugbear of superfluous fat—the figure fault that is causing the most trouble seems to be the downfall of the bust—or, at any rate, a lack of uplift. Then there are the busts that are just small—too small. And the busts that are too big.

Few women possess really perfect figures in this respect, because even if you have a beautifully-moulded figure from the waist up at eighteen you have to take care of it, or else it sags into gracelessness.

But if you are thirty-five and have taken no care, it is still not too late to repair a little of the damage of neglect by starting now.

The one mistake that many women with good breasts make is allowing a lack of support to put too great a strain on the muscles. You may look a marvellous figure without a brassière now, but you have 100 per cent. more chances of having a marvellous figure in ten years' time if you wear a good uplift support. That is the first care.

The second care is a general routine of exercise and toning. If you regularly did one or two specialised exercises to strengthen the muscles, you might get away successfully with the non-brassière habit, but very few women bother to exercise those muscles. It is a pity.

Here are two exercises, very simple, performable in a sitting or standing position at any odd moment of the day or night:

1. Stand with your arms extended in front of you. Bend your elbows, taking the inside of the left elbow in the right hand and the outside of the right elbow in the left hand—this is called second position. Keeping the shoulders still and elbows up, push the left elbow out as far as possible. Only slight movement is possible, but you should be able to feel the breast muscles working. Repeat, alternating elbows, and by pulling with the right and pushing with the left, try to restrain the elbow-pushing movement all the while with your hands.

2. In the second position of the above exercise, move the elbows apart so that hands are grasping alternate wrists. Now, sliding the hands elbow-wards, push the elbows into the previous position. The hands should resist the sliding so that muscles have to work hard to get into the required position. Loosen hands and slide them to wrists again. Repeat.

Those two exercises, repeated several times daily, will strengthen the required muscles as much as is necessary.

Toning is the other essential for women who take a pride in their figures. A hot bath—even 5 ins.—is relaxing, and the one thing a bust needs is firmness.

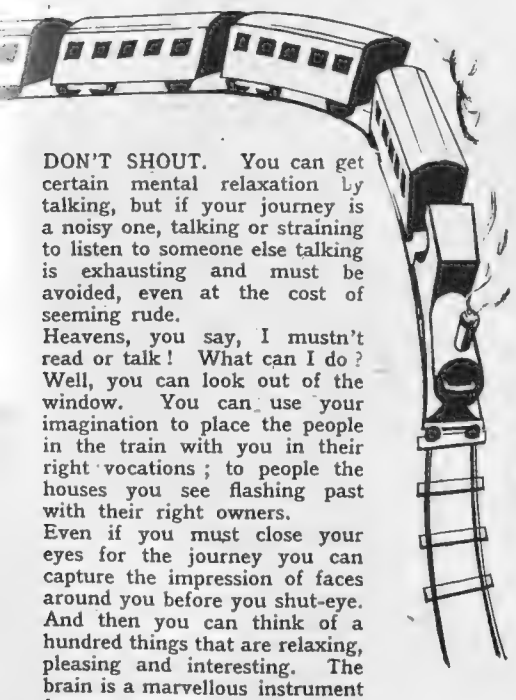
You could go to the extreme of hammocking your breasts in small fabric slings that have been wrung out in cold water—and which are tied at the back of the neck—before you enter your bath, but there is little time for such glamour-care in wartime. The best alternative is to cup your hands, fill them with cold water and splash your breasts several times with cold water, immediately after your hot bath or your hot wash.

This cold sponging or splashing stimulates the circulation and is the trump-card for firmness. You can even alternate hot and cold water to increase the degree of stimulation. This is especially helpful for those who have large breasts; an active circulation will help to carry off the unhealthy, fatty deposits.

Massage, for slimming the breasts, is a delicate proposition, as, if not perfect in pressure, it may result in sagging breasts, which are far worse than large ones. Slimming preparations should be applied very carefully and with medical supervision or advice. Your best programme is the above routine, combined with a general health and slimming diet, cutting out starches and fats and concentrating on vegetables and salads.

There still is a minute supply of preparations for enlarging the breasts—a nourishing cream to be massaged gently in which does feed the tissues, much as skin-food does the face. If you are lucky enough to find any of these, you can massage them in regularly, but with a feather-light touch, at the same time keeping strictly to the exercise-and-toning routine given above.

These routine habits are, in fact, essential for all women, whether large, small, perfect, sagging, young or old.



DON'T SHOUT. You can get certain mental relaxation by talking, but if your journey is a noisy one, talking or straining to listen to someone else talking is exhausting and must be avoided, even at the cost of seeming rude.

Heavens, you say, I mustn't read or talk! What can I do? Well, you can look out of the window. You can use your imagination to place the people in the train with you in their right vocations; to people the houses you see flashing past with their right owners.

Even if you must close your eyes for the journey you can capture the impression of faces around you before you shut-eye. And then you can think of a hundred things that are relaxing, pleasing and interesting. The brain is a marvellous instrument for your amusement. Use it.

DOWNFALL OR UPLIFT

In Whichever Category You Place Your Bosom, You Should Do Regular Exercising, Toning And Wear A Firm Bras.

NO MAID? NO MATTER!

Serious strip showing some of the current labour-saving of a housewife who does all her own work.

Starts at the beginning of the week with a meal list and a schedule of Week's Special Tasks and How To Fit Them In. This keeps everything orderly and sets the time-table working for the week.

Washes silver and glass that hasn't been stored away, in hot soapy water and ammonia to save polishing. Has varnished floor-surrounds long since and now only has to mop.

Shops before ten-thirty and on wash-day puts the clothes in water to soak before going out. This loosens the dirt and makes the final washing much easier. Irons, if possible, on the same day.

Reserves Friday afternoon for cooking as much food as possible for the week-end. Pastry, pudding and cakes can be completely cooked ; stews or meat pies and vegetables prepared for the oven.

Has cut out arduous furniture polishing and merely goes over polished surfaces at regular intervals with a chamois leather wrung out in tepid water mixed with a strong dash of vinegar.

Still entertains as far as the food situation will allow, but when more than two are invited always provides a buffet meal. This way food is prepared in advance and guests serve themselves.

Organises the family to help in lightening work by making their own beds, cleaning the bath and tidying bathroom litter after every use ; washing their own used china and cutlery after meals.

Scrubs kitchen table-top and other white-wood surfaces with salt and water, or with Parazone, a liquid bleaching agent obtainable at most stores, which keeps them white with little labour.

Polishes windows inside and out with Sposs, which is simply applied to windows and mirror surfaces on a soft cloth and leaves a clean and lustrous surface in a few seconds. Most stores have it.

Books: *Reviewed by Trevor Allen*

ONCE I went on autumn exercises in H.M.S. "Renown." They sent me to the foretop in darkened ship so that I should be smoked like a kipper and get the full crack of 15-inchers firing broadsides. In a gunroom *versus* wardroom rag a pack of snotties bore me down and debagged me. I therefore feel much more pious about our gallant Navy than Mr. C. S. Forester, who knows it more intimately and is pious about nothing.

In **"The Ship"** (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.) he gives us a salty tale of life in a light cruiser on Malta convoy, with noises on and off when an Italian fleet thinks to intervene. We know most of the ship's company in the raw, from captain—a fine character—to look-out man at masthead. We even know something of the girls they left behind them—also in the raw. No poodle-faking in this book, things and people as they are, pleasant or unpleasant. It makes a war saga which the Navy itself will read with knowing winks, and the rest of us with thrilled absorption.

"Taffrail" is as technically expert, but more devout, in **"Chenies"** (Hodder & Stoughton, 8s. 6d.), which deals with the fortunes of Capt. Peter Chenies, R.N., in an armed merchant cruiser, and his son Anthony in destroyers. The father is wounded saving his convoy from a German pocket-battleship; the son's ship battles with U-boats and Heinkels, rescues the crew of a burning tanker in an Atlantic gale and survivors from torpedoed ships, takes part in a Norway action, and is sunk in an air attack while evacuating from Dunkirk. So there is plenty of gripping action, with feminine background interest in Tony's W.V.S. mother, his M.O.I. sister, and the girl with whom he falls in love on a voyage to Canada to take over an American destroyer.

CONVOYING and Dunkirk figure also in **"H.M.S. Wideawake"** (Allen & Unwin, 7s. 6d.) by Lt.-Commander George Stitt, R.N., whom Commander Anthony Kimmins recalls, in a foreword, as a fellow-midshipman in the last war whose diary of daily events was the envy of the gunroom. One feels the chill monotony of convoying on nights when great seas swept the fo'c'sle and "it was cold—icy cold—until the men felt as though they were being thrashed with solid lumps of ice." An incident which shocks my naval piety occurs when the destroyer is towing a disabled armed merchant cruiser. The telegraph-man gets "Slow Ahead" but puts the engine to "Full Speed" instead, snapping the wire and tearing out the towing bollards. I could understand this happening on the Portsmouth-Gosport "ha'penny liner"—but in H.M.S. "Wideawake"! She redeems herself, however, in doughty exploits—notably Dunkirk—which make a lively, inspiring chronicle.

Episodic stories of the Navy and Fleet Air Arm at war comprise "A Matter of Duty" (Longmans, 6s.) by Mr. Edward Cranston, himself serving with the R.N. The title-story concerns an A.B. who wants leave because his wife is gravely ill. The captain offers him a smoke, tells him he cannot be spared because he is a three-badge gunlayer and the destroyer is to bombard the French coast, and adds kindly: "I propose to send a telegram to my wife—she also lives in London—asking her to go to your house and see that your wife (*Continued on page* 62)

Behind Both Lines

IN November, 1941, Mr. Harold Denny of the *New York Times*, with seven other correspondents, was taken prisoner in a panzer break-through in Libya. **"Behind Both Lines"** (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.) is a straight, forthright account of that confused action and his subsequent experiences in desert concentration camps, prison camp in Italy, Gestapo prison in Berlin. He gives a vivid close-up of the Gestapo inquisition. They kept him for weeks in solitary confinement, for "to permit the prisoner to torture himself is a good labour-saving device." They took away his belt and braces: "To keep up my dignity meant to keep up my trousers. I defy any man to keep up his dignity when his trousers are slipping down."

One sidelight is of Rommel lecturing captured British officers on tactics. "Your tactics surprised me," he told an infantry brigade commander. "What difference does it make," he asked Brigadier Sterling, "if you have two tanks to my one when you spread yours out and let me smash them in detail?" And now . . . how the mighty are fallen, the blitzers blitzed! Rommel did not wait to hear Anderson's or Monty's views. Mr. Denny had a unique experience; he makes the most of it in a worthwhile narrative expertly readable.

A BRIDGE which spans the Atlantic Ocean. Clachan Bridge, near Oban, which joins the mainland of Scotland and the island of Seil; the water which flows beneath this bridge is that of the Atlantic

A STRANGE windmill at Haverhill, Suffolk. (Left) A house built upon a bridge. This remarkable sight is at Ambleside, in the Lake District; it is now preserved as a national relic

THE Jew's House at Lincoln. This is one of the oldest houses in England, and is an interesting relic of a substantial late Norman dwelling from which, it is said that a Jewess called Belaset met her death in 1290 when she was charged with coin-clipping. (Below) Midford Castle, near Bath, which was erected by Captain Roebuck from his card winnings, is built in the shape of the ace of clubs

A HOUSE erected in a strange position is that above the mouth of the tunnel at Clayton, Sussex. It is wedged between two tall battlemented towers, which rise higher than the house's chimney-pots

Curiosities *of the* Countryside

By J. D. Robinson

THERE are many strange and unusual buildings to be found in every part of Great Britain, and some of them are unique. Lovers of the countryside will find greater enjoyment in their wanderings if they keep a look out for such oddities which appear in the most unexpected places.

Have you heard of a house being built upon a bridge? This remarkable sight is at Ambleside, in the Lake District, and there is a local saying that it was so built by a Scotsman who wanted to avoid paying ground-rent! It is an ancient two-storied building, and is now preserved as a national relic.

Said to be the smallest house in Britain, the tiny residence at Conway, Wales, makes a remarkable sight; it has a depth of 100 in., with walls 122 in. high, and frontage is only 72 in. Originally built for a fisherman, it is reputed that for fifteen years a man 6 ft. 3 in. in height was the tenant.

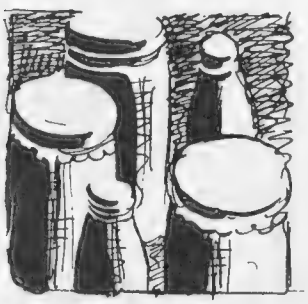
Another strange house is at Preston, Lancashire, built by William Price a number of years ago. William took on a bet for £5 that he could build his house within twenty-four hours and be in residence before the time limit expired. If he could do this he also qualified for the election as a county voter. Setting to work with an apprentice, they laboured by the light of naphtha flares, and before the twenty-four hours were up they were sitting over a fire in the completed building.

One of the strangest houses to be seen is at Abbey Bridge, near Barnard Castle, where the living-room is in a round building built on the end of the bridge. When bedtime comes the occupier has to leave this room and go across the road to a similar shaped one, which is the bedroom.

There is a First House on the English-Scottish border which was formerly a toll-house, and there is a painted board telling of how over 10,000 marriages were performed under its roof. Runaway marriages were (*Continued on page* 58)

Fruits Of The Earth

Not an ounce of garden fruit must be wasted this year. Cosseting your crop of garden fruit is a vital health measure as well as a means of introducing variety into your winter meals . . .



Gathering fruit at exactly the right moment for bottling and jam making is important to the success of the operation.

Stone fruits are better used slightly under rather than over ripe. Plum, greengage and damson jam, for instance, will not keep if the fruit is fully ripe when gathered.

Soft fruits should be gathered when they are dry, not after rain has soaked and softened them to pulp. Gooseberries are gathered when green and hard, but other soft-fruits should be just ripe. Picking the fruit at exactly the right moment is important.

If possible, gather fruit immediately before the preserving operation begins. This keeps the flavour and the nutritional values intact. Pick over the fruit, removing over-ripe and bruised fruit which need not be wasted but can be stewed and eaten right away.

Grade stone fruits for size before bottling. This ensures that the fruit is cooked evenly. The same applies to ripeness, as fruit that is a little less ripe than the rest will take longer to cook.

Pulping is a good method for garden fruit for which you are unable to spare sugar for jam or syrup bottling. Stew it gently with just enough water to prevent burning. Jars or bottles of any kind, clean and warmed, should be ready so that the pulp can be poured in *immediately* it is soft. Fill to the top of the jars and seal with hot fat or clip tops.

Low sugar content jam is successful if not kept too long before use. For this, a half or three-quarters of sugar is used to each pound of fruit. This jam may not set so firmly as that with a higher sugar content, but setting is assisted by turning the jam out of the saucepan into hot jars and sealing it quickly. *Small* jars should be used for this type of jam so that the contents are used reasonably quickly after opening.

Black-currant juice is far above all others—even orange juice—in vitamin value. Surplus fruit which is not made into jam should be preserved for its tonic properties during winter. In this case slightly over-ripe fruit is superior in flavour.

To prepare black-currant purée, clean the fruit and put it in a basin with a half-pint of water to each pound. Heat slowly over a saucepan of boiling water till the juice flows freely. Crush the fruit occasionally with a wooden spoon.

Next turn the fruit and juice into a muslin strainer suspended over a large basin. When all the juice has dripped through bring it to the boil and turn immediately into hot jars, filling to within two inches of the top. Seal. Place the jars in a large saucepan or steriliser and completely cover with cold water. Bring slowly to simmering point and maintain the heat at this level for half an hour. Store in a cool dry place.

The Microgram girls, seen on the right, are a section of the ATS who operate a remarkable new apparatus which is speeding up the transmission of official correspondence and documents between the War Office here and the battle areas of the Middle East.

Before the days of the Microgram, these documents were sent by rail and sea, a procedure which was slow and dangerously susceptible to interruption by enemy action, thus causing confusion and delay with serious consequences for the administrative work of the Army.

Now microscopic negatives of the documents are brought here by air and are safely delivered within a few hours of their dispatch to the ATS Microgram Service who develop the film and make enlarged prints at an average rate of one thousand documents an hour.

Miss Hilary Bowman, right, has electrified the engineering world—and other women—by being the first woman technical flying observer this war has so far produced. Miss Bowman was studying to become a professional ballet dancer before she took to mechanics, and it is since the war started that she abandoned her studies for the stage and took to aeronautical engineering instead.

Now, at twenty-two, Miss Bowman has been appointed to the staff of one of the great aircraft factories somewhere in the north. Here her job is to fly with the test pilots who take new planes into the air for their trials, her own part being to take special observation of the instruments and their performance.

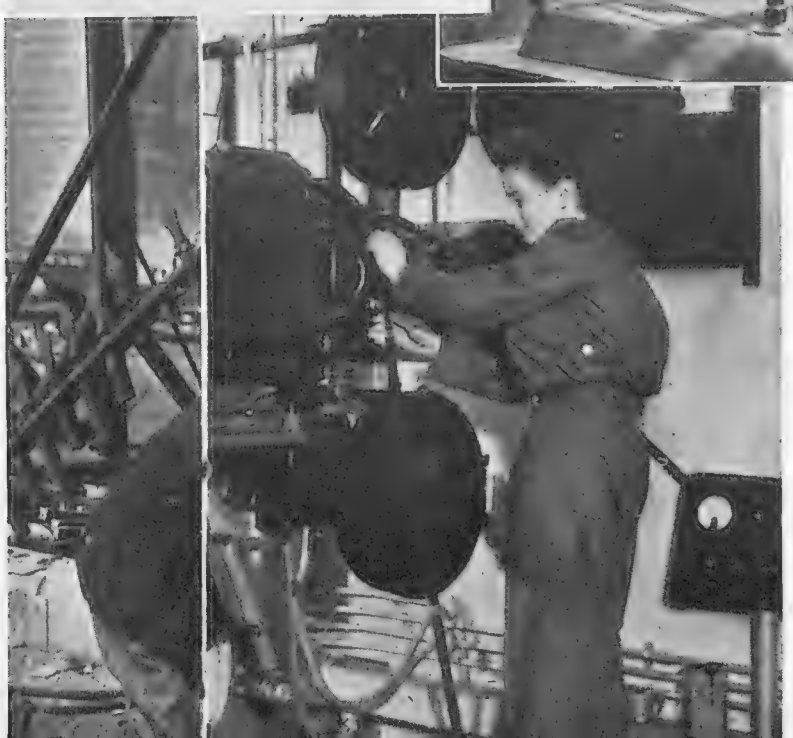
Miss Bowman was a newcomer to flying. She says she had never been in a plane before she began the highly technical training for her work on Britain's bombers.

Mrs. McAllister, an employee of Kodak Ltd., has a responsible and satisfying job in the operation of the apparatus which makes possible the well-known Airgraph service, which has in such a remarkable way speeded up the correspondence between the troops abroad and their friends at home.

The Airgraph apparatus, a part of which is shown on the right, is a sort of relative of the Microgram described above, and Mrs. McAllister's special job is to develop the thousands upon thousands of feet of film which represent letters from the boys to their friends. The tiny negatives are later enlarged to the familiar size.

Britain's War Machine

AND SOME OF THE WOMEN WHO MAKE ITS WHEELS GO ROUND . . . .



Liaison work between sick and wounded Service men and their anxious relatives is a vital part of the work of the Red Cross and St. John War Organisation. Lady Suirdale (left) is the Chief Liaison Officer for the London branch and it is through her and the Liaison Officers employed in her department that wounded men returning from abroad are met at London stations; that visits to hospitals by relatives of sick and wounded men are organised and reports on the progress of the injured are conveyed to friends and relatives unable themselves to obtain information. Billets near hospitals are also frequently arranged by this department for visiting relatives.

Men abroad who, for any reason, have been without news of their relatives at home, are also assisted by Lady Suirdale and her staff, part of whose work is to conduct investigations on their behalf.

Among the most important and skilful work undertaken by women in this war is that of research into food, diet and the feeding of civilian populations as well as the manufacture of drugs and vaccines for the relief of suffering among the troops abroad.

The great task of feeding and maintaining the health of a nation under war conditions is only done by constant experiment and scientific investigation. Some of this important work is being done in the laboratories of Glaxo Limited, where women chemists are proving their ability.

The making of pure vitamins which have contributed so much to the nation's health; assay work—which includes the assessment of the exact quantity of vitamin contained in any given food—are phases of the important and highly skilled service which women chemists are rendering to their country.

The woman in our picture on the left is packing dissolved vaccines under aseptic conditions.

Collecting iron gates and railings for purposes of turning them into war weapons is not as simple as it seems. Women scrap spotters are employed by the Ministry of Works to travel around assessing the value of scrap iron, negotiating for its purchase and removal and fixing the costs.

Miss Jean Parnington (centre), who is one of the women employed on this work, is here supervising the removal of the iron railings from St. Clement Danes Church in the Strand.

The cinematograph equipment which the Department of National Service provides for the entertainment of the troops everywhere has to be operated by skilled projectionists.

Women have been enlisted for this work and are now employed by ENSA as assistant projectionists in garrison theatres all over the country.

The training can be completed by an intelligent woman in a few months and the work offers an interesting career for after the war.

The Right Way

The end of a tin of fish, from preceding meals can

1

2

1 Meat Rings

Pastry : 8 oz. flour ; 2 oz. fat ; 1 teaspoon baking-powder ; pepper and salt. *Filling :* 4 oz. sausage meat, American sausage meat, or corned beef ; 2 tablespoons chopped parsley ; 1 teaspoon chopped mint ; pepper and salt. A few left-over peas can be added if liked.

Make the pastry in the usual way and roll out to ⅛ in. thickness. Mix all ingredients together with a fork to make a paste which you spread over the pastry. Damp the edges, roll up and cut into ½-in. wheels. Put on a floured tray and bake 20 minutes in a quick oven. Serve cold with potato and cabbage salad.

2 Hot Canapés

Prepare quarter-slices of fried bread as basis. On them pile hotted-up savoury scraps. What these are will depend on what you have. There might be two or three canapés of pounded sardine with cayenne pepper; others of diced spam with chopped gherkins; others of cheese and onion; others with bits of fish mixed with white sauce and plenty of chopped parsley; others of bits of macaroni with grated cheese scattered over. Almost anything can be used. Serve very hot on a big platter, with plain green salad in a separate bowl and a dish of new potatoes.

SALMON PIE

Pastry : As in previous recipe.

Filling : 2 or 3 oz. salmon (tinned will do) ; about ½ teacup white sauce ; chopped cooked mixed vegetables (about ¾ lb.); pepper and salt.

Make and roll out the pastry as in previous recipe and cut into two. Spread the vegetables over one piece, having first mashed them well together. Fork up the salmon with the sauce and spread over the vegetables. Cover with the other half of the pastry, make slits on top and bake on a floured tray in a hot oven. Can be eaten cold or hot.

CHINESE FRY

½ lb. pork, veal or lamb ; ¼ lb. french or runner beans ; any left-over piece of cucumber ; a little flour ; 1 oz. lard ; a few spring onions ; pepper and salt.

This dish can be made with raw meat and vegetables, but here it uses up cooked left-overs. Cut the beans and the cucumber into little strips. Also cut the meat into match-like pieces. Have the fat very hot. Roll in strips in seasoned flour and fry for a few minutes, stirring to prevent sticking. Chop the onions finely, green part included, and add before serving. If you have any soya bean sauce, stir in a tablespoon at the last minute. A

Summer

I HAVE little sympathy with those people who, moaning about rationing, queueing and called-up domestics, say that it is impossible to entertain nowadays. Social life still persists, and in hundreds of houses up and down the country where there is no staff and no black market, either, friends are still being asked to attractively served meals.

Meet, for instance, Mrs. Charles Horsfall, who lives at Fawley, near Henley-on-Thames. I asked her if I might use her name in this article, just to prove that hers is a genuine case and not a figment of journalistic imagination.

Mrs. Horsfall does her own housework, shopping, cooking and gardening, and when she has you to lunch you eat in the kitchen. Here was her menu for three the day I lunched with her :

Four-square salad

Brown and white junkets

Coffee

The table, covered in a French linen cloth, looked fresh and summery, with the crisp salads set out on individual plates at each place. The white junkets were in individual white pottery bowls, and the brown ones in other pottery bowls which were brown outside and cream inside. There were little dishes of nuts to nibble at, and ice-cold lemonade to drink.

To go with the salad there was a jug of home-made dressing. Slices of home-made brown bread were arranged in a shallow wooden bowl.

Here are the recipes—easy, you'll agree, for the hostess-cook to serve without fuss and bother :

SALAD DRESSING

Put a knob of margarine in a saucepan. When melted add a dessertspoon of flour, cornflour, or soya flour. Mix to a paste

With Left-Overs

the extra sausage meat, the bits and pieces all be made up into attractive dishes

little Marmite can be used instead if liked.

COLD SAVOURY ROLL

½ lb. sausage meat ; ½ teacup oatmeal ; ½ Oxo cube ; 1 small onion (chopped) ; 1 dried egg (reconstituted) ; pinch mixed herbs ; about ¼ pint boiling water ; pepper and salt.

Mix sausage meat, oatmeal, onion and seasoning; add beef cube dissolved in boiling water. The mixture should be softish, and you may have to add more boiling water.

Grease a small mould or teacup and pour in the egg. Stand it in a saucepan with a little boiling water, cover with greased paper and steam for about 15 minutes. When egg is cool cut in slices. Put a layer of the sausage meat mixture in a greased mould. Add the sliced egg, and then the rest of the mixture. Steam for 1½ hours and turn out when cold.

SCOTCH OMELET

4 oz. corned beef, or any cooked meat left over ; ½ lb. cooked left-over vegetables ; 2 tablespoons dried egg smoothly mixed with 4 tablespoons water ; 1 oz. cooking fat ; pepper and salt.

Cube meat and vegetables, mix together and season well. Make the fat very hot in the frying-pan and fry meat and vegetables for 5 minutes. Now pour in the egg and stir lightly with a fork until it sets. Serve on flat rounds of mashed potato on individual plates, accompanied by a green salad.

EGG AND FISH SALAD

Any left-over fish ; 1 dried egg (reconstituted) ; 2 tablespoons chopped fennel, or failing that, parsley ; a little milk ; ½ oz. margarine ; 1 lettuce ; cucumber.

Melt the margarine in a saucepan, add the milk and then pour in the egg. When this begins to set add the fish, neatly flaked and freed from bones. When cool stir in the fennel or parsley and season with pepper and salt. Pile in centre of salad bowl, cover with a line of overlapping cucumber slices and arrange lettuce round.

CAKE-CRUMB TART

Make an open tart, using left-over pastry, and bake in the usual way. For the filling prepare two breakfast cups of stale cake crumbs (easiest way is to put the cake through the mincer). Mix with 1 tablespoon of honey and a few drops of lemon essence. A few chopped nuts scattered over the top is an improvement. If you have any stewed or bottled fruit left over, it can be chopped and mixed with the cake crumbs.

Preserves and Pickles

APPLE CHUTNEY

4 lb. apples; ½ lb. dates; ¼ lb. onions; ½ lb. sugar; 1½ pints vinegar; 2 oz. salt; 2 oz. ground ginger; ¼ oz. cayenne pepper (or ½ oz. ordinary pepper); 1 oz. mustard (dry).

This is a Ministry of Food recipe for an excellent apple chutney. Peel and core the apples, and chop them up together with the onions and dates. Turn them into a saucepan, adding the spices and sugar and ½ pint of the vinegar. Simmer gently until apple is soft. Put in the remaining vinegar and continue cooking over a low heat until the chutney is of a jam consistency. Put into warmed pots when hot and cover when cold.

PICKLED WALNUTS

Pick the walnuts while they are still soft enough for you to push a needle into them quite easily. Prick them over with a silver fork and put them to soak in strong salt water for 3 to 4 days (4 oz. salt to 1 quart water). Remove walnuts from brine and put them out on trays in the air to get black (9 days). Put into jars, pour spiced vinegar over, and seal. Vinegar should cover the nuts.

PLUM CHUTNEY

2 lb. plums; ¾ pint vinegar; ½ lb. sugar; 1 tablespoon salt; 1 teaspoon pepper; 1 oz. allspice; 1 oz. ground ginger.

Halve plums, remove stones and crack these to obtain the kernels, which should be blanched. Turn plums into pan with sugar, vinegar, spices, pepper and salt and kernels. Simmer gently, stirring frequently until fruit is soft. Pour into warmed jars and seal while hot.

Lunch For Three

and make an ordinary sauce with a little hot milk. Add salt, pepper, dry mustard, celery salt, and a little finely chopped mint, thyme or marjoram. Mix well. Put in 2 tablespoons vinegar and mix again. Lastly, add 2 tablespoons of salad oil, if procurable, very slowly beating well all the time. A little chopped chive or lemon essence can be added. This keeps for several days in a well-corked bottle.

FOUR-SQUARE SALAD

Arrange 4 lettuce leaves neatly on each plate. Put radishes in one, cress in the second, home-made cheese in the third and mock crab in the fourth.

To make Cheese : Let some milk go sour, and when thick hang in a muslin bag to drain. When cheese is dry enough to remove from bag, mix with salt, celery salt and pepper to taste.

To make Mock Crab : Take one herring or two dabs, or any other fish obtainable. Cook gently in a *little* milk, either in the oven or in a saucepan on top of the stove. Remove all bones. Mash with a fork, adding seasonings, chopped fresh herbs if liked, a little anchovy essence and about a tablespoon of milk. Mix to a creamy consistency.

BROWN AND WHITE JUNKETS

Coffee Fruit Junket : Make an ordinary milk junket, but for each portion add ½ teaspoon bottled coffee, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, and 1 tablespoon raisins or sultanas. Stir well, pour into individual bowls and allow to set.

Decorate the brown junkets with chopped cashew nuts and the white ones with grated nutmeg.

I asked Mrs. Horsfall to let me have some of her other recipes, thinking that they would be useful to other hostesses who have to be their own cooks as well. She sent me these, which have been tried and found excellent :

MIXED HERB SALAD

On each person's plate put in neat piles lettuce leaves, shredded raw red cabbage, spring onions, beetroot, grated turnip, cold boiled potatoes, young whole carrots (or old ones grated). Serve with this grated cheese in one little dish, and in a second little dish chopped mixed herbs (sorrel, chives, parsley, tarragon, thyme, marjoram, mint, etc.). The interesting character of this salad is lost (says Mrs. Horsfall) if the vegetables are all mixed up together. The fascination lies in dipping first into one little pile and then the next.

SEMOLINA SAVOURY

Fry some shallots or spring onions or onions and put in the bottom of a greased pie dish, making a layer about an inch thick. Put 1 pint of milk in a saucepan, bringing to the boil, and stir in 3 oz. semolina and 2 cups grated cheese. Allow to thicken. Stir in salt, pepper and celery salt to taste. Pour the mixture on to the onions in the pie dish, decorate with peanuts if you have them, and bake in the oven until nicely browned on top.

TWO MARROW SWEETS

1. Cut young marrow into slices (if skin is soft there's no need to peel), dip in ordinary coating batter and fry. Serve hot with jam and top-milk cream.

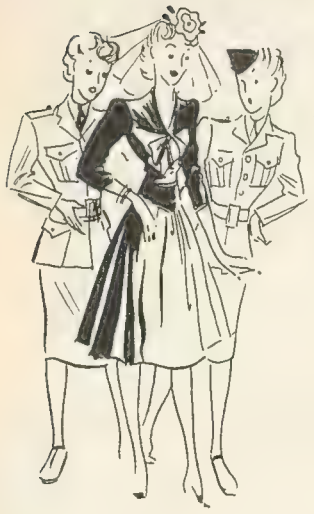
2. Line a sponge-cake tin with pastry. Cook till very light golden brown. Then fill with the following :

Filling : Cut a marrow into dice about ½-inch square. Fry in lard or margarine until nearly cooked. Drain off fat and put dice into tart. Cover thinly with lemon curd (jam can be used but is not so nice). Return to the oven to make thoroughly hot. Serve with a few blobs of home-made cream put on to the tart at the last minute.

Harriet Muir

They really SHOULDN'T

After four years of war people still go around doing and saying thoughtless, irritating little things that make hard times seem harder. Check up on yourself and be quite sure you are not guilty of any such common errors as these . . .



Dressing up in silly hats and sheer silk stockings just received from America when there are women in uniform in the same party who would give a month's pay for the privilege of wearing something pretty and feminine again.

Spending so much time prowling around the shops with hungry wolf expressions, not to buy anything particularly but merely to satisfy the craving for picking up something that other, and busier, women haven't got.

Gushing about their husbands' attentions and complaining of their faults, when most women whose husbands are far from home would be only too happy to deal with a few of both.

Permitting themselves to think that a wartime success with men, most of whom are lonely anyway and ready enough to admire on the smallest pretext, necessarily endows them with the privileges of a *femme fatale*.

When lunching, dining, or just drinking with someone who is trying to get by on Service pay, giving an ostentatious display of tact by choosing the cheapest or offering to pay. Paying your round is creditable politics, but is only acceptable to men when it is done with supreme tact.

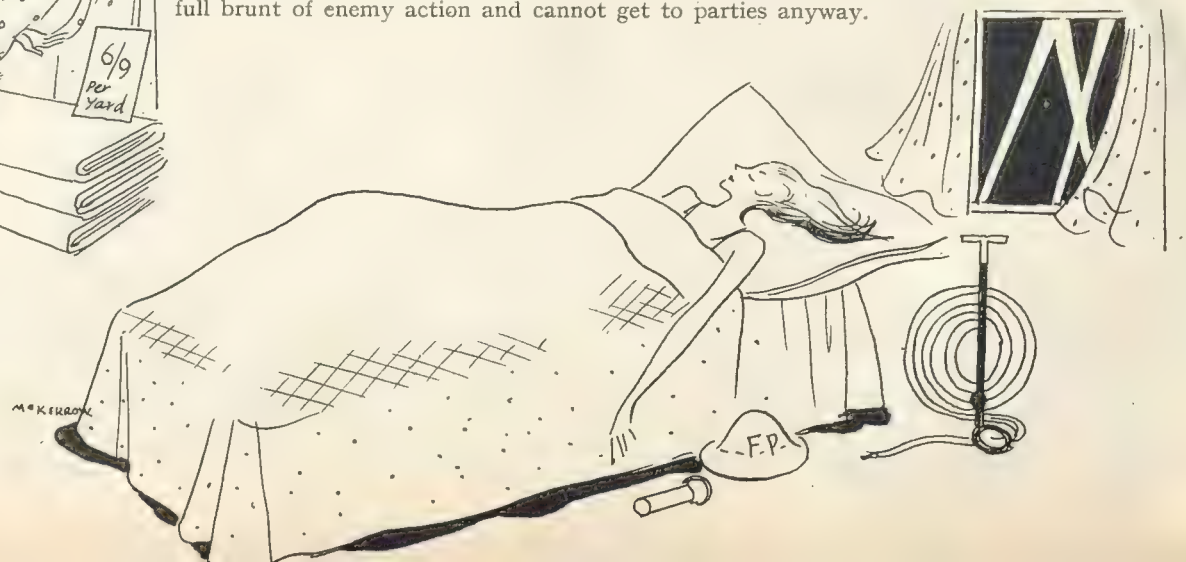
Excusing inflating waist lines and deteriorating skins on the ground that "it's the food" because it isn't the food, but only our own inability or unwillingness to study the principles of wartime diet so that the maximum health can be maintained as it *can* be in average circumstances.

Giving away little intriguing titbits of Service information picked up from husbands, brothers and boy friends because the fascination of being a person with information to impart is too irresistible.

Continuing to be helpless about getting around to places, particularly getting home after dates alone, now that there are no longer escorts to do the organising for that part of the evening.

Buying that extra three yards of material to make another summer outfit "in *case* I get asked to that affair with John."

Boasting that "I slept through the alert, my dear, although I was on fire watching . . . because I'd been out on *such* a party the night before." Remember that this sort of confession would sound pretty discouraging to the men, far away, who take the full brunt of enemy action and cannot get to parties anyway.



clothes worth care

by Wolsey

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You want them to wear:
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Dry in the breeze,
And whatever you do now—
Cool ironing please!

Shirtmaker frocks,
Present or past
Care for them lovingly,
How they will last!
Hang them and press them
And give them a rest—
They come fresh as daisies
And keep you well-dressed.

It's 'mend and make-do' now
for stockings we fear,
But there's less making do
if your stocking's Klirsheer!

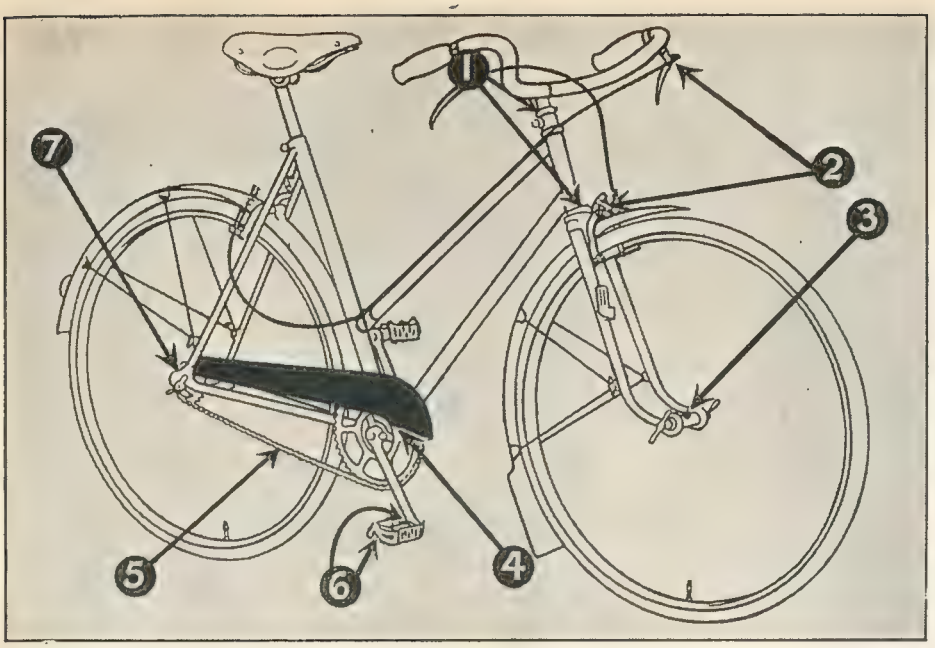
Wright's is kind to bare skin

(see how clean it keeps)

Wright's *Coal Tar Soap*

For over three-quarters of a century Wright's Coal Tar Soap has remained the favourite soap for family use and in nurseries and schools.

Today its cleansing and protective properties are also specially appreciated by members of the forces on service at home or abroad.



How To Look After Your Bicycle

MORE people than ever before are riding bicycles and liking it, but the enjoyment of cycling depends much upon the ease with which the machinery runs. This, in its turn, depends upon the proper care and maintenance of all the working parts.

To run easily and without breakdowns, a bicycle has to have regular attention. Not necessarily elaborate attention, but regular care and an occasional overhaul.

Clean machinery works smoothly, so it should be a rule never to put a bicycle away muddy and wet. Rust and corrosion creep up on you quickly and jam the parts unless you make a ritual of wiping over the frame and the machinery after riding in dirty weather.

Easy motion and freedom from punctures largely depends upon keeping tyres well inflated. Slack tyres make hard work of riding and are far more susceptible to sharp points on the road surface. The rubber situation and the conservation of tyres make it a duty to keep them in good condition anyway, quite apart from comfort.

Mending a puncture is a simple operation. The trickiest part is removing and replacing the outer cover, which a child can do after a little experiment.

The rest consists in getting out the inner tube, inflating it and holding every part in turn under water until bubbles indicate the perforation of the rubber.

Make a pencil mark round the spot. Dry the rubber and clean it with a small piece of fine sandpaper, rubbing very softly over the place.

Apply sticking solution and let it get tacky before putting the patch on. Give it time to dry, then deflate the inner tube, replace it inside the outer cover and get this also back within the rim of the wheel. Inflate hard and the job is finished.

Regular oiling at essential points is vital to the smooth working and the long life of all the parts. Don't wait until the machine begins to run hard before getting to work with the oil can. Make a regular operation of it.

The illustration shows the main points for oiling. Don't swamp the parts but make a principle of lubricating little and often.

The bicycle chain should be removed every few months for cleaning. To do this prise off the spring clip which can be found on the detachable link. Remove the plate at the side and draw out the detachable link.

When the chain is removed, clean it thoroughly with a brush in a bath of paraffin. Drain off the paraffin and oil the chain at every link. Hang it up to drain off the surplus oil before replacing the chain on the machine.

Faulty brakes are a danger to life—yours and other people's—and need careful handling in use, as well as regular care when out of use. Use brakes gently when riding. The habit of jamming brakes on hard on every occasion wears down the linings and puts on unnecessary strain on the cable. Regular oiling of all the visible nuts which hold the brake mechanism together is very necessary in wet weather.

If you buy a second-hand bicycle it is a wise precaution to take the brakes to a mechanic for cleaning, oiling and adjustment before you use the machine.

Keep chromium surfaces dusted and dry them when you come in out of the wet.

These small attentions take very little time if they are carried out regularly but add so much to the efficiency and comfort of riding.

K. L.

OVERHEARD IN A CAMP

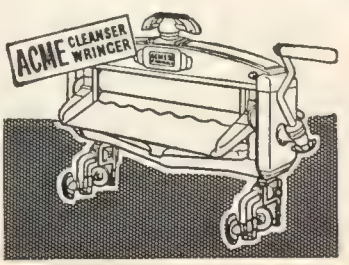
"... But how do you manage for wringing?"

"My dear, didn't *I* tell you. Our Q.M. store has an ★Acme and we're all allowed to use it. You've no idea how much energy it saves, and how crisp and clean my things come out."

"That's all very nice for *you*, but you know it's impossible to get Acmes for the duration."

"I know, but take my tip and put an Acme on your priority list of post war plans ....."

★ *The Acme Cleanser Wringer (with rubber rollers) takes the thickest blankets as cheerfully as it takes your sheerest silks —and the patented Acme Cantilever Pressure system gives you extra cleansing power.*



Indigestion

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You suffer pain and distress after meals because your stomach is always too acid. Food simply can't digest and your system is upset in the attempt. Why endure this mealtime misery when 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop it this very day? They relieve acidity and correct indigestion at once. Your food is digested right away and you feel no troublesome after-effects.

If you suffer from acute attacks of gastric pain 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop them in five minutes. Try this quick relief to-day!

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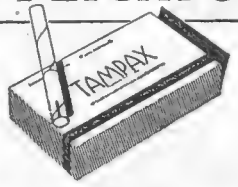

Tampax, with its patented central stitching and its individual applicator, is the safe, simple and convenient internal sanitary protection for fastidious women. Invented by a doctor and produced by specialists it offers practical advantages available in no other form.

TAMPAX
REG. TRADE MARK
Sanitary Protection

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Old Tales Re-told (*Continued from page 24*)

that the ensuing jingle would reveal its contents, and said: "Here are one hundred pounds."

Duval took the purse with his habitual courtesy. He said: "Sir, your liberality shall be gratefully rewarded, for I now exempt you from disbursing the other three hundred pounds which you are hiding under the seat. Moreover, I give you my word that none of my crew will interfere with the happy continuation of your journey and that you will arrive at your destination undisturbed." With that he look his leave with all the ceremonial proper to a true cavalier, gave a last smile to the beautiful lady, and rode on his way.

The shrewd common sense of the knight, in matching politeness with politeness, had saved him a matter of three hundred pounds.

So original an exploit could not fail to become the talk of London for many days, and the attention of the police was focused more strongly than ever on this engaging rascal; but to no avail. As a matter of fact, Duval had wisely slipped across the Channel and was travelling through France.

In that country it was unwise to perpetrate any of his tricks, for travellers carried very little money with them and were generally escorted by armed men. The ladies, too, were not so vulnerable to his charms.

But Duval was never lacking in resource, and in Paris he found plenty of opportunities for picking up a living. After a while, however, possibly because his native land had become unhealthy for him, or because he was homesick for the country of his adoption, he returned to England.

Of his old friends he approached only certain ladies, and wiped away many tears with his kisses.

They were not the only ones who had missed him. Many victims of brutal highway robberies in the past months would have preferred to lose twice as much, could it have been to the chivalrous Frenchman.

But the time came when Duval's luck deserted him.

One evening, a young man the worse for drink, was dragged by the police from a tavern called "The Hole in the Wall," in Chandos Street, Covent Garden. He could not stand. When searched he was found to be in possession of three pistols, one of which was double-barrelled, as well as the beautiful sword at his side. Such an armoury aroused suspicion, and he was eventually identified as Claude Duval. Had he been sober he might have foiled his attackers; but as it was, this was the beginning of the end.

On January 21, when only twenty-seven, this highwayman, whose hand had never shed blood, was executed at Tyburn. Every effort for his reprieve had proved futile. At the Tangier Tavern in St. Giles he was given a gorgeous lying-in-state. So numerous were the fashionable ladies who attended it, some of them masked, that the judge voted it a scandal and ordered the room to be cleared.

In 1759 a fire destroyed the old church of St. Paul at Covent Garden where Duval was buried.

In his book on highwaymen, C. G. Harper quotes the remarkable epitaph engraved on the tomb:—

Here lies Du Vall. Reader, if male thou art,
Look to thy purse. If female, to thy heart.
Much havoc has he made of both; for all
Men he made stand, and women he made fall.
The second Conqueror of the Norman race,
Knights to his arms did yield, and ladies to his face.
Old Tyburn's glory, England's illustrious thief,
Du Vall, the ladies' joy. Du Vall, the ladies' grief.

END

Security (*Continued from page 12*)

Albert closed his eyes, sniffed deeply the soft if sometimes cadaverous evening. He composed himself.

A mile away and up 100 feet the 15th German Infantry Brigade began its rest before its stand-to. The final attack against the Blankshires and then beyond was synchronised for 0441. Artillery men parked behind, with their ranges set and their shells ready, posted their sentries and revelled in their sleep.

In the tent of the Brigade Commander, Major-General Hintze, a youngish infantry captain stood to rigid attention. With General Hintze were an S.S. Colonel, Koeschner, two infantry colonels and a senior major of artillery. To one of the colonels the general spoke.

"This has gone on long enough," he said. He turned to the S.S. officer. "I wish you would settle your political sides before I get replacements."

"All right, all right," he continued as the S.S. officer began a tirade. "I know all about the party. God knows I've been a member of it long enough. But why, before this kind of an attack, do you have to bring up these charges?"

The S.S. colonel answered: "Captain Baron"—he used the honorific with contempt—"Captain Baron von Friede should not have been posted to you at all. He should have been shot, let alone sent to a concentration camp. In Greece he was the same. Earlier in Libya he was a centre of disloyal thoughts. Again he has been guilty of allowing conversations among his men as to the party, the regime, and even the Fuehrer himself."

The major-general looked at the Schutzstaffelman with some weariness. "So we now have the Japanese system of dangerous thoughts; is that it, colonel?"

The S.S. man resented the interruption. "I am not talking to you now as a colonel, general. I am talking as an obergruppenfuehrer, and I am speaking for the party and for the Third Reich. There is enough evidence on this man now to have him shot."

The general sighed again. "All right, all right," he said. He turned to the captain. "Herr Hauptmann," he clipped, "you are charged with having allowed political discussions among your men, having counted on the fact that due to your family past indiscretions have not been punished rigorously enough. Now your case has gone beyond me." The young captain gave no sign. "Your case has gone beyond me," repeated the general. "I am at a loss to know what to do with you. This is not nineteen-eighteen; if it were I could handle you myself. For yours has been a German family of greatness. All right, all right," he said to the S.S. man, who again was showing signs of apoplectic interference. "What have you to say, von Friede?"

The young baron looked not at the general but at the Gestapo man. "Sir," he said, "I have nothing to say. What the detective here"—the S.S. man flushed to purpling—"what the oberst S.S. has said is entirely true. Perhaps my family's relationship with Germany, or shall one say with the Germany you knew, general"—the general looked at him with an approving and a reminiscent eye—"the Germany you knew is longer and less associated with night carts than that of the Himmler scavenger."

"He must finish," said the general, as the S.S. colonel began to rise. "Proceed."

The young baron continued. "Germany," he said, "has never looked so much before like the apple, rosy, glorious, with the codlin moth gnawing and guzzling at its core. Once I thought I could not hate anything more than the English. When my father spoke to me in the years after 'eighteen, I knew what the English were, and because I was German I feared them, as I still fear them. But now in Germany something worse than the English has risen, to grip at a man's guts and liver, and to pick (*Continued on page 54*)

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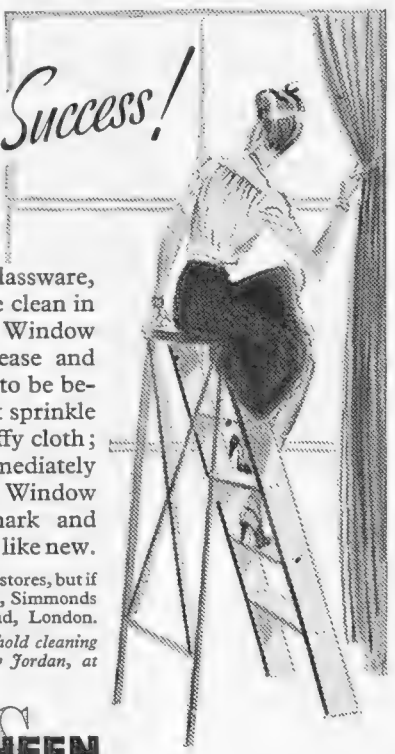

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THE BEST FOR BABY

out his eyes and bring beastliness. Those are my thoughts, general . . ." He still looked at the S.S. colonel, whose face had hardened to a mask and whose hand fumbled at his revolver holster. "I have talked with Germans who are still men. There has never been a firing-line since the world began without men in it to die for a victory or a defeat, but always for a cause. Those are the men that Himmler's turnkeys grip behind the line, robbing and torturing their families while beasts like this grow fat." He talked fast, watching every movement of the Gestapo official. "But it won't be long," he said. "Himmler is doomed; some patriot will cut the throat from him on some day or night. And Goering, and the Club-foot, and Rosenberg, and then above all, the insane upstart, the paranoic painter, the gibbering stinking idiot Adolf—Adolf. Heil Hitler, they say! To hell with Hitler! To hell with all his creatures!"

As the revolver bullet struck him he stood for moments, his eyes closed, his arms stretched before him, palms upward. Then he tumbled into a confused heap.

ALBERT gulped. His memory of page 31 suddenly froze within him. His Adam's apple swung up into his mouth, gagging him, behind the throat. Out of his ears came shocks as from a dynamo. He called to his mates, and with a despairing shriek, which echoed only in the caverns of his own mind, Albert Huggs became at one, as the book had so often told him, with the infinite.

To the circle there was little change. Holroyd noticed Albert breathe a little deeper, half open his mouth. Holroyd said to himself: "Asleep again. 'Appen there's nothing again, and this is the three-hundredth time." The platoon commander, chewing on his pipe, watched the performance. The soldiers, always happy with Spooky, sat playing his game, their rough, tanned, crinkled hands each touching the other's.

Suddenly the group was electrified. Albert sat erect, eyes closed, a gurgle and a grunt came from him, his face became contorted, his jaw muscles twitched and strained within his cheeks, his head jerked backwards, forwards, backwards again, sideways, then stopped. His hands left those of his comrades and rested on his knees, taut.

The lieutenant jumped to his feet. "Quiet, men," he said. "Quiet—listen."

Out of Albert's mouth came words, unintelligible words, and then, as though a wavelength had been found or a loud-speaker switched, they began. The voice was baritone and guttural. It said: "Please, your colonel."

Holroyd soothed three of the men who wanted to run. "Eh, lads," he said, "tha're not so sure, eh? Tha was reet glad to wait while nowt was here; now stay."

The lieutenant motioned them to quiet again. "Quiet," he said, "I've read of things like this."

Albert continued. "The colonel, please, the colonel. I have not time, much time—— the colonel."

"By gosh," said the lieutenant, "I'll get him myself."

"My dear Peter," said the C.O. "Really! I'm just having a cup of tea before this most frightening show."

"Please, sir, will you come at once?"

"My dear Peter——" began the C.O.

"Look here, sir——" Peter was the schoolboy again, talking to his housemaster. "I know you trust me, sir, so come with me."

"Oh, very well," said the colonel.

The lieutenant took him to the edge of the circle. In a loud voice the lieutenant said: "The colonel is here." He whispered to the colonel: "Say how do you do."

"What?" said the colonel.

"Say how do you do."

"Oh, very well. How do you do? Yes, I am the colonel. Anything I can do for you?"

The voice continued. "Ah, thank you. I wish please the young officer with you should take a notebook." Peter's was already out. "Now."

"This is extraordinary!" muttered the colonel.

"There is no protection on your enemy's right flank. There are two machine guns, nothing else; it was our gamble which came off. They will attack just before five. You can smash them on the flank at midnight if you go along the little dry wadi by Hill Forty-one, and you will enfilade for they cannot fight as dispositions lie." The voice broke into German. The men sat round as though made statues suddenly. The German stopped. "I want the colonel."

The colonel very quietly said: "I am here."

The voice went on. "You will be in Bizerta before you know." It paused. "I want the colonel."

"I am still here," said the colonel, "whoever you are."

The lieutenant broke in. "Do not tire yourself," he said, "the message has been received I will repeat that—the message has been received."

"Thank you, thank you. By Hill Forty-one. Thank you."

Albert's Adam's apple suddenly returned to him. With a roar like that of a sleeper who, in his short pre-slumber fantasy, steps from a pavement he groaned as his eyes opened. He looked at the men around him. "I know," he said, "nothing again. Must-a dozed off." Suddenly he saw the colonel, as well as the platoon commander; he jumped to his feet. The colonel motioned him down.

"Now you men," he said, crisp and curt, as though in open battle, "what you have heard just now you must not talk about until the night is over. You'll get your orders." He motioned to Albert. "You, Huggs, come with me. The rest of you, I expect your word of honour as British soldiers. Thank you."

What the colonel said to Albert will never be known. All that can be pieced together is that Albert was with the colonel at midnight, detached from his platoon duties. He fell at the foot of Hill 41, with a machine-gun bullet through his head, but the colonel found time to hold his hand for a second, as, surging onwards, the Blankshires swung round over the wadi. At 3 a.m. they had not only cut the enemy off but also demoralised the forward battalions; by which time urgent movements reports sent to brigade had brought up mystified lorry loads of men, any stray tanks which could be found, sweating gunners and noisy guns, and the attack north pressed forward almost to the shores of Ferryville.

Sometimes Holroyd spoke, but never to any men of the regiment. When the big New Zealand war correspondent met the dawn with one of the Blankshire companies, to him Holroyd saw no reason for silence. Nor for that matter did the colonel, whose bullet-wrecked foot held no pain for him because his mind was overflowing with his experience. The war correspondent, having decided that in any case he was the one man who could have got the biggest story of the war, settled down with the staff captain of the Eighth Brigade, who helped him get through to the field censor.

Against the rock in the warm sunshine the staff captain still roared with laughter; he still smoked his pipe. The war correspondent looked agonisedly at the sergeant of Engineers.

"I'll get it again for you, sir," said the sergeant. He passed the war correspondent the telephone.

"Is that you, Harris?" said the war correspondent. "Well, now, look here, you can't have security on a thing like this. The colonel doesn't mind, Lieutenant Turner doesn't mind, the staff captain doesn't mind, the men don't mind. I'm telling you it's the biggest story. . . . What! *You* mind? Oh, hell! What's the use?" He dropped the telephone. He sat, a miserable mountain of a man.

The staff captain still laughed. The war correspondent addressed him. "Security," he said, "security!"

"My dear fellow," said the staff captain softly, "remember no ghosts bring victory to the British Army. It's not done, old chap, not done. Really, it's just not done. After all, what would the War Office say?"

"I'd rather hear what Winston says when I tell him," said the war correspondent, and clumped off into the bushes.

END

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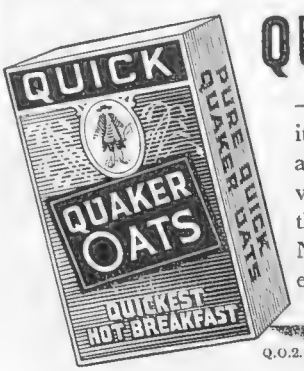

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Where Will The Peacemakers Meet?

(*Continued from page* 13)

And with lethargy. The impossible had been attempted: for the same men, meeting continuously in the same city, to rechart a world and reshape the lives of hundreds of millions of people, all within six months! Intricate problems were "solved" in an afternoon; other posers were yawned into a postponement. Next! Next! The crowding of problems became insane. Lloyd George's "Where's Teschen?" was thoroughly in character.

These men got on each other's nerves and wanted to get away from one another. Towards the end their motor systems sued for an armistice, beginning with President Wilson's.

Clemenceau led the lethargy. He got bored with the proceedings half-way through and used to slumber during sessions, plenary and lesser.

Gradually a restless impatience manifested itself, an urge to have done with the job. And the public was even more tired of it than the delegates. Bored, it declined to keep check.

Good work was done in Paris, which will have to be picked up again. But Paris was just too cosmopolitan; too feminine; too handy; too well equipped.

In fine, we know this much: that the peace jamboree in one capital is *out*. Neither Washington nor London, nor anywhere else can contain the immensities forthcoming. No one city can cope with the human side. It is a distinct advantage that Paris taught us so.

The next peace-making must go on the road, be mobile.

Its practitioners are not going to be any more supermen than the last lot. The same vain fatheads will develop among them; the same preachers; the same Bourbons. And they will have the radio howling about them in addition to the newspapers, a duet which Paris was mercifully spared. Moreover, their work may well be subject to revolutionary circumstances. Yet, already it is clear that the United Nations are on the right track as to *where* deliberations are best held. Tents will be pitched in the shape of a series of commissions round the world. Hot Springs showed the way. Why assemble every one to discuss food in Virginia? Because the United States run the food situation. Commissions will establish themselves in regions which are most drawn into their work. For instance, I should not be surprised to see a Mass Resettlement Commission established at Kiev, since it is in the eastern expanse that Hitler's deportation and extermination have caused the widest void.

U.N.R.R.A., United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, is already part of the peace-making, embodying the future victors' intentions in regard to the Want aspirations of the Atlantic Charter. U.N.R.R.A. is likely to be under Mr. Lehman, operating from Washington with sub-committees in country after country, looking after such vitally important questions as nutrition, health, agriculture, transport and repatriation. Or maybe the Director-General will elect to hold the strings from London while Europe is being tackled. Or possibly from Prague. I have a hunch that Prague will get a leading commission, as the most successful outcome of Versailles and as a resounding kick for the Germans. Also as a very central and modern city, not *too* frivolous.

These commissions will take their time, experimenting on the spot. That is the best of auguries for the future peace-making: that nothing is going to be crowded or hurried.

Germany will probably be given an offshoot of the continuing peace-making in the form of a U.N. (time we adopted the initials) Government of Occupation, and with no fifteen-years' clause next time.: the occupation to go on until Germans fit in. Should a plenary session of the peace-making be deemed good for the Germans there will be nothing to stop second-stringers like Molotov, Eden and Sumner Welles establishing their headquarters temporarily in some corner of Berlin or Munich still standing. As I say, a mobile peace-making, that's what it's going to be. With, one hopes, the capitals of victim nations appositely chosen as the halting-places of commissions.

And how shall Geneva's huge and grandiose Palace of the Nations be incorporated? Or won't it? Mr. Roosevelt is said to share a common down on Geneva because of its aura of past failure, but that may refer only to the search for new permanent headquarters for the future League of United Nations. Besides, Geneva was no failure in planning and organisation divorced from politics, as is proved by the survival of the International Labour Office and of branches connected with the social services, transport and economics. It would be odd indeed if the brand new, international-owned immensity on Ariana hill were not turned to some account. It might be made to serve as continental secretariat of all non-political commissions.

Somewhere or other the strings will have to be centrally held. There must be a peace-making G.H.Q. whither leaders may periodically fly to hammer out major decisions as the whole vast business unfolds. Speaking of Europe only, I cannot see how London's claim can be gainsaid. Its unmatched prestige and that of Mr. Churchill, once Hitler is laid low, should clinch matters. Here is the place to work out such super-problems as the new international authority. Here would be occasion for Stalin to pay a return visit. Not that Moscow will fail to figure among the capitals where the peace caravan will rest; if only as link with Asia, its role should be a growing one.

For the *final* peace-making based on the Atlantic Charter the Azores would be the antithesis of enfevered Paris which brought a former American President's downfall. One quite sees its appeal to Mr. Roosevelt. But that is way ahead. I have sought to show that we do know more than hazily how the peace negotiations will develop, and roughly—very roughly—where.

END

Our Fighting Men From India

(*Continued from page* 29)

a voluntary basis has reached the two million mark. Thousands of young Indians, Hindus and Muslims, have taken King's commissions; many are recruited from the universities—the Muslim University of Aligarh produced 500 officers and 1,000 technicians; many came from the professions, business and commerce. The Congress rebellion does not seem greatly to have impeded military expansion. But those in India, Britain and America who clamour for a new move to end the so-called deadlock should remember that if Gandhi and the Congress revolutionaries were set at liberty without calling off the rebellion and pledging themselves to aid in the war—a pledge they would never take—they would unquestionably endeavour to hamper further recruitment and to spread disaffection in the ranks towards the Indian Government.

The military position in India after the war will require delicate handling. The presence of huge military forces in the country, with the Hindu-Muslim feud still unsettled, might cause widespread disturbances and add to the difficulties and complications the constitution-builders will have to face. For this reason it will probably be found advisable to reduce the Indian army stationed in India to its 1939 limit at the earliest possible moment.

At the close of the first world war the sepoy was soon (*Continued on page* 58)

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absorbed into the life of his village. He was not interested in politics. The position will be very different when the present war comes to an end. The millions of peasants and bazaar dwellers who have served for three or four years in the army, military works and ordnance factories, will return to the villages and towns with a changed outlook on life.

Politics are in the air; most of the rank and file in the army, especially in the technical services, are being instructed in Urdu and English; lectures on world affairs develop their minds. They will not be content to return to the precarious existence of earlier days; they will press their claims on a society they have helped to save from defeat and ignominy and they will not have the patience to wait for two or three years, risking perhaps the establishment of a non-violent Gandhian Government that would on principle refuse them the rewards they had earned. The majority of them do not want to see Congress rule firmly settled on the land.

How are these claims to be met? Indian statesmen predominate to-day in the Government of India. Could they not evolve a scheme for making things easier for the men who have helped to save their country? His Majesty's Government would unquestionably co-operate. It is a matter that cannot wait for perhaps years till an independent Government is evolved.

The peasant and outcaste would prefer grants of land. It is true that most State owned land has been distributed, but it is believed that nearly a million acres are available under the Sukkur barrage; nearly two million acres will be irrigated by the Tungabadhra scheme in Madras; much of this might be acquired by Government and given out in grants. Work might be found in developing rural communications, slum clearance and the like. The prosperity the war has brought to India should make ample funds available for such enterprises in the post-war years.

The martial races of the north will not be prepared to fight for the south, a leading Bengali (Hindu) declared recently. It is equally true that they would not tolerate at the centre a Government controlled by Bengali and Madrasi Brahmins, if its policy ran counter to their interests. Perhaps this danger affords a justification for the Brahmin policy of non-violence! But an independent India must have an army, and an army that might effect a *coup d'état* at any moment is a disturbing element. The high-caste Hindu may find the military problem the most difficult of all obstacles to Hindu majority rule.

Our Fighting Men From India

Curiosities of the Countryside

(*Continued from page 42*)

especially catered for, and it was in competition with the famous blacksmith's shop at Gretna Green, which is not so far away.

Lincoln City possesses one of the oldest houses in England, the Jew's House, which is an interesting relic of a substantial late Norman dwelling from which it is said that a Jewess called Belaset met her death when found guilty on a charge of coin-clipping in 1290.

Windmills are a never failing source of delight, and the one at Heckington, Lincolnshire, is equipped with eight sails, and has the reputation of being the only one so fitted. One with a unique situation, as far as windmills are concerned, must be that erected almost in the centre of the town of Boston. Great Britain's oldest working windmill is the celebrated one at Outwood, Surrey, built in 1665. There are many others in Suffolk, but there is not a stranger one than that at Haverhill, which had a very unusual method to drive it. Instead of the usual sails so common to windmills, it had eight radiating arms which were joined up to form a circular band of vanes. These vanes were 5 ft. long and 1 ft. wide, being made of metal. It is said to be the first and last windmill ever to be constructed in this novel manner. It has now been dismantled of all ironwork, which has gone as scrap to help win the war.

Wanderers from Brighton, Sussex, can see a house in a most strange, and perhaps unique, position; it is erected above the mouth of the tunnel at Clayton, and is wedged between two tall battlemented towers which rise higher than the house's chimney-pots. Certainly a remarkable site.

A "pebble" rolled down the mountain side, near Keswick, Cumberland, and it came to rest poised on one edge. This curiosity is said to weigh a mere 2,000 tons, is 60 ft. long, 35 ft. high, and you may climb to its summit by means of strong wooden steps with handrail. There is a hole through the narrow edge resting on the ground, and it is possible for two people to shake hands through it.

Near Bath, Somerset, is Midford Castle, built by Captain Roebuck from the proceeds of winnings at cards. To celebrate his good fortune he had it built in the form of a club; this shape being clearly shown in the illustration in the low wall surrounding the castle.

But up in Scotland we have a masterpiece in curious buildings. Did you know that it is possible to cross the Atlantic Ocean without setting foot on plane or ship? There is actually a means of crossing which takes but a minute or two—by walking across! There is a bridge across the Atlantic. Situated near Oban is the Clachan Bridge which joins the mainland of Scotland and the island of Seil, and as the water which flows beneath is the Atlantic Ocean, this almost unbelievable fact is accomplished. It is the only bridge in the world that spans the Atlantic Ocean.

END

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Man Proposes

(*Continued from page 28*)

and then grasp hold with hands, feet and teeth. Then there was a crash and the wave broke on us. For about a quarter of a minute it looked as though we were finished. We heeled over until the starboard wing of the bridge was under water, looking aft from the bridge there was nothing to see except the funnels and the mainmast, the rest was under green water. I hung on to my lashings and looked down into the ocean and on the duck-tail of the U-boat, which was at last getting under. One's mind works in a funny way on such occasions as these, I thought of you blokes penned in in the wardroom and I laid myself an even bet that the doc. hadn't secured himself (I was right, wasn't I, doc.?) and then I thought of the chaps in the engine and boiler rooms—didn't think you'd be down there, chief—and from there I wondered whether the gun's crew were managing to hang on. Then there was a strange walloping sound which turned out to be the whaler tearing adrift from its davits and then—well, and then we started to come upright again. The skipper dashed to the voice pipe and conned the ship back to her course head on to the gale and then we counted heads. It was a miracle that no one was lost over the side, but then miracles do happen at sea."

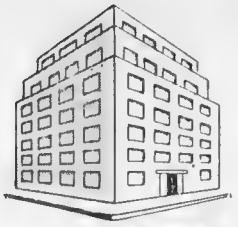
The engineer commander settled his bandaged arm more comfortably in its sling. "What about the U-boat Number One," he asked, "did you see it again?"

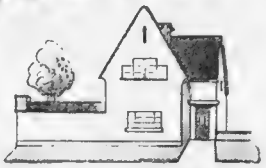
"No. I reckon he went to two hundred feet until it was all over. You know, chief, as I hung in my lashings with the ship heeled over like she was I had a sort of feeling that nature or somebody was demonstrating to us foolish mortals what a damn silly pastime we were indulging in. 'If you want a spot of trouble,' she was saying, 'what about this little lot?'"

"Aye," said the engineer commander sagely, "there's a proverb that covers that point, though I'm doubting you're too ill educated to know it."

END

HERE THERE AND EVERYWHERE





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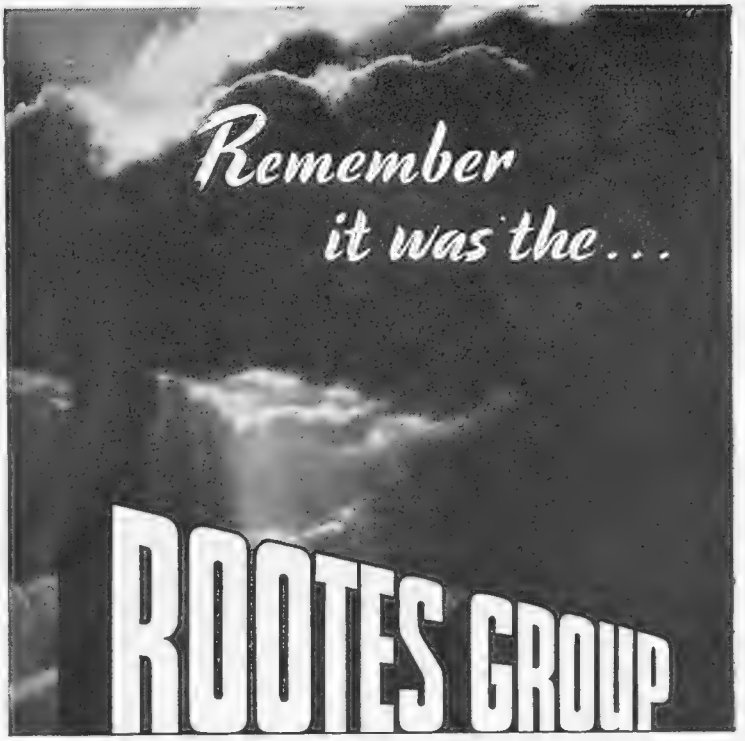

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Our armies overseas need to be protected from flies and malaria-carrying mosquitoes. National food supplies have to be protected from contamination by insect pests. The raw materials for making Flit are required for these essential national needs.

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Pat's practical— she'll get on!

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A scientific baking method gives you PROCEA Bread—bread minus excess starch but rich in proteins. Its wholesome qualities make it the favourite loaf not only with sufferers from indigestion, but with all who delight in a bread with a new appetising flavour.

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Give your teeth a shine with Gibbs DENTIFRICE

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SAVE METAL

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.C.4 GD 235B

Haunts Of Ancient Peace

(*Continued from page 25*)

demonstrated in the immediate revival of respect for France occasioned by the French participation in the Battle of North Africa, and the instant revival of French faith in the French! I am thinking, when I say this, of the epic trek of General Leclerc's Fighting Frenchmen up from French Equatorial Africa, past Lake Chad, driving their own food, sheep, etc., on the hoof before them, to fling themselves into the final classic battle which drove the Axis out of Tunis and Bizerta.

France will always hold a peculiar place in the minds and hearts of those who have known her. On two counts: Paris—and the rest of France. Paris has always been a city where people could escape from life. I cite, in particular, those two cafés on the left bank—the Dome and the Rotonde. Here, as the saucers piled up before you as drink after drink went down, you could sit all day, all night, all summer—talking about the wonderful book you were about to write, or the painting that would incontestably cause a sensation at the Leicester Galleries.

And it didn't make much difference if you did write that book, or didn't paint that canvas—not really. For to those artistic amateurs—"Hobohemians," we began to call them—Paris gave all the moral encouragement they wanted, to go on being idlers. No cold wind ever blew along that bank, as long as the other bank—£.s.d.—didn't quite dry up on you. And for those who *did* intend to write, who *would* paint that picture—those who were almost tormented by the possession of real talent—no city in the world could be kinder than Paris. The company was always good. And encouraging. And poverty, for a real artist, was taken so much as a matter of course that its victim was almost unconscious of it.

Will this all be changed, in Paris? I am afraid it will. I think there is something masochistic in the mentality not only of Pétain & Co.—that France must be purged by real suffering before she can ever lift up her head to laugh again—and with all the filth and scum that Laval & Co. have left in Paris, in French official life, that the general tone will be that of a mordant introspection, in Paris. People will be afraid that they will be going back to the old, the rotten France—if they allow themselves to do, or even think, things which are not severely, and puritanically, praiseworthy.

On the other hand, I think it will take only a season or two—time enough for the average French petty farmer to start wrestling with his soil, time enough to sow and reap a crop or so—before the countryside of France will have resumed the old tempo again. And that, the good logic of Frenchmen be praised! is the base of French life and covers by far the greatest area of France. To those, then, who love to drive down through France in the spring, when the streams are swelling, when the young leaves are bright green and trembling, when the whole delicious countryside looks so fresh that you have an insane desire to leap out of your car and just eat it—to people who love *that* France, I say there is much hope. And that is the France that I, for one person, am looking forward to. I know I shall see it again before I die, if I live my normal span.

Spain? There is a country! Spain and the West Coast of Ireland are the last two strongholds of romance. And they are astonishingly alike, in many parts. A mountain *pueblo* in Navarre, with not a sign in any one of its stone streets, not a word of advertisement, no hotel, nothing—except possibly, over some ancient doorway, the crest of some forgotten house—in that part of Spain, which lost the Civil War, the arrogant individuality of the Spaniard must still survive. I have never liked Madrid; so (except that I hope nothing harms the Prado) I am not anguished as to what might happen to Spain's corrupt capital.

Nevertheless, I would like to go back to Burgos, set in its cup of mountains which look with the snows and pinks and bronze tones like a sugar-coated baked apple—I would like to go back there and dance with the crowd on New Year's Eve, popping, as is the custom there, a raisin in my mouth as each stroke of the bell tolls out the Old Year.

One winter, for a few weeks, I rode mules down along the Spanish frontier of the Pyrenees. I slept in the little *fondas* in Aragon and Navarre, with my mules just below me. I began with the Basques, in their little villages perched high over the roaring headwaters of the Aragon River, where it races down to the plains of Spain between gorges and forests of pine and beech; and where, in the high Alpine valleys, the grassy meadows are a carpet of little wild flowers.

But personally I feel that another sentiment—not quite the masochism that might influence the French—will be so much a part of our own mentality after this war ends that we will look at all of these old familiar "haunts of peace" with different eyes. And, possibly, we may never again enjoy them so much.

I think there are going to be a lot of disappointed people after this war, who race back to the Continent, bent on finding that old kind of joy. I don't think it is going to be there any more. Le Touquet, Biarritz, Monaco, Nice, Monte Carlo—it is curious to ponder on how, and in what fashion, they will get going again. And countries, like Italy, which literally used to make up a bad annual trade deficit by the remittances which Italian emigrants sent back from the United States—plus the huge sums left in Italy each year by American tourists—Italy might even have to become Italy again, instead of a coastline of booby traps for the tourist trade. For—it was a trade!

With so many people cooped up in England, unable to get abroad—except those on Service—the first thought would be that an avalanche of tourists would head for Europe the minute the bars are let down. I don't think this is going to happen. Obviously there is going to be less money, for each of us, to throw about that way. Next, the Continental countries might not welcome such an immediate invasion—I except Switzerland from this. Finally, I wonder if we aren't all going to have a touch of agrophobia, somehow? It is an interesting speculation; but I think that this "fear of the open spaces" *has* entered a little into our post-war calculations, as to what we will do with ourselves.

I personally have no hankering whatever to rush off to the Continent the minute this war is all over. I am, I suppose, afraid of what I might find. Also, I've got this agrophobia bug. I can feel it. And, having been bitten by it, and being forced to wonder what I am going to do about it, my reasoning has begun to crystallise into some plan such as this:—

I will stay in the British Isles, for a time. I realise, now that I come to face the facts, that there have always been places in England to which I have been accustomed to go, almost without thinking about it. There is a river, for instance, in Somerset—and here I went for several Easters, to try the first fishing. For at least two periods between Christmas and New Year I went down there to brush London out of my mind by climbing over those torturing hills, and through the soggy lowlands, to shoot cock pheasants. Then there's some fine, barren, bold land up on the north-west coast of Scotland; a grand country to spend September. And the romantic islands of the Shetlands and the Outer Hebrides. And then there are some lovely old villages along the Avon. . . .

So, as I make my living by writing, give me enough petrol to run my car; and one fine post-war morning I'll put the typewriter and bags in, a shot-gun and some trout rods—and I'll set out to discover England again. And I'll find many a haunt of ancient peace.

END

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

CHANEL

Chanel, for more than a decade, has been the perfume of the *élite* — used throughout fashionable society.

Owing to war-time conditions this wonderful perfume is not now available, but Chanel are doing everything possible to give their clientèle their favourite perfume in Chanel face powders, lipsticks and toilet soaps.

Chanel greet their great public and look forward to the brighter days when they will again have the pleasure of serving them.

Any perfume offered to our clientèle as Chanel is spurious and not a Chanel production unless the bottle is labelled with our name and address thereon, in conformity with the Board of Trade regulations.

Issued by PARFUMS CHANEL LTD.,
Old Bond Street, London, W.1.

For Boys' Underwear
THE NAME IS Meridian
Boys will still be boys, perhaps more so, in war-time. If MERIDIAN is *not* still the same because of "Utility" restrictions, you *still* cannot spend coupons or money better than on MERIDIAN.

J. B. LEWIS & SONS LTD., Nottingham. Estd. 1813. Suppliers to the Wholesale Trade

'SANATOGEN' Nerve-Tonic Food may not be plentiful, but it *is* still obtainable. Ask your chemist for it. Even if he cannot supply you immediately, he will be getting his share of 'SANATOGEN' at regular intervals, and will see that you get *your* share.

'SANATOGEN'
Regd. Trade Mark
NERVE-TONIC FOOD
In one size only — 6/6d.

Valstar
"66"
Raincoat
SUPERLATIVE QUALITY AND DESIGN
IN NORMAL TIMES THE BEST SHOPS HAVE THE VALSTAR "66" RAINCOAT. SUPPLIES NOW, HOWEVER, ARE STRICTLY LIMITED
J. MANDLEBERG & Co LTD
VALSTAR WORKS
SALFORD 6 · Lancs

The Animal Fifth Column

(*Continued from page* 15)

furnace was being operated, its hum, which could be heard over a wide area, attracted clouds of these insects. Like moths to a candle they flew to the furnace and were scorched up.

Investigation showed that all the mosquitoes were males. This fact gave the clue to the fatal fascination of the furnace. The hum it gave forth was an exact imitation of the love note the female mosquito sends over the ether when she is calling for a mate. The United States Public Health Service have now constructed a special instrument, which looks like a radio set, to duplicate the love note and thus lure the amorous males to wherever death in its most efficient form is waiting for them.

A rather cunning way of overcoming an insect pest is to get one insect to attack another. This form of combating the insect menace is known technically as "biological control." One of the most famous instances of this form of control was the salvation of the sugar crop in Hawaii. The crop was being attacked by the grub of a weevil and although in one season alone some eight million of the insects were destroyed the damage to the crops continued almost unabated.

The sugar planters of Hawaii then decided to call in an entomologist. A man named Muir came and investigated the trouble. He decided that the best chance of overcoming the weevil was to find its natural enemy and let it set about the work of exterminating it.

Muir took a long time finding the right insect, but at last his patience was rewarded. He found in the Molucca Islands that there was a fly which laid its eggs in the grubs of other insects so that when their young hatched out they had something to feed upon straight away. Some of these flies laid in the weevil grub. Muir knew then that if only he could get these flies to breed in Hawaii they would attack the grubs there and the sugar crop would be saved. It took him a long time to accomplish his task, but eventually it was finished and just what he imagined took place. The flies were bred in large numbers and released among the canes. The flies laid their eggs among the weevil grubs and the sugar crops were delivered from this insect menace.

There is one insect among the animal fifth column which is, perhaps, the most difficult of all to deal with. This is the termite or "white ant." It is an enemy of man because it has an overwhelming passion for wood. And it is almost, if not quite, impossible to prevent termites from obtaining their wooden diet.

END

Books

(*Continued from page* 41)

has everything she needs." They go into action, the captain is wounded, the captain's lady helps to save the A.B.'s wife. It is all just "a matter of duty." The other episodes are similarly slight, but soundly written.

The Silent Service, which will shoot anything except a "line," is well served by these four books; they tell us of the sterling worth of men who rank with the best the earth breeds, and the derring deeds they do.

GENERAL SIR GUY STEPTOE Whyborn, K.C.B., formerly commanding the Shadipur district, N.W. Frontier, is another story. Nothing silent about him. He's a martinet, a "pocket tiger of a man" whose favourite expletive is "Bugs!"—or we hope so. As his A.D.C. observes: "He never says 'I' at all—or only once in the blue moon. It's always 'Whyborn is going out,' or 'Kindly help Whyborn to another potato,' or —his war cry when he's really snotty, 'Whyborn won't have it!'" When the A.D.C. introduces his Uncle Bill, Whyborn explodes: "*Uncle Bill?* Whyborn don't give two tweaks of a bull's snout if it's yer Aunt Jemima, yer nunc-dimitted pill! What's his name, dammit, what's his name?" Mr. Michael Burt's **"We'll Soldier No More"** (Ward Lock, 8s. 6d.) tells of Whyborn's exploits and eccentricities in bygone India. He is a likeable, bristly old cuss. Bagshot and Aldershot will love him.

A soldier of another ilk is serious Lt. Stafford, up at Fort Berthold in the Dakota country, fighting the Injuns in the '60's. He is expecting the fickle Cynthia, his betrothed, for a fort wedding; but who should step off the Missouri boat instead but her cousin Linnie, with news that Cynthia has married a rival—the gentle Linnie who had thought, watching her cousin's byplay: I can't be coy. I'm just not made to be flirtatious. I only know how to be cordial or cold—friendly or unfriendly. I don't seem to know any of the little between ways. She cannot return immediately, she cannot stay unprotected, so Stafford surlily marries her in pique as a kind of military duty. How true love grows from that marriage, under the stresses and hazards of frontier fighting, is the simple romantic theme of **"The Lieutenant's Lady"** (Hodder & Stoughton, 8s. 6d.) by Miss Bess Streeter Aldrich, the Iowa teacher who married an army captain and wrote her first prize-winning story "while baby was having a nap."

Mr. George Slocombe tackles an ambitious theme in **"Escape into the Past"** (Harrap, 9s. 6d.). Lotta, an American girl married, not happily, to an artist in Paris, has romantic longings to have lived in an earlier age. An admirer tells her she resembles the Louvre portrait of Charlotte, Princess de Condé, last mistress of Henry of Navarre; so she builds up for herself a dream past in which she *is* Charlotte; fulfils tragic omens both in her dream and real self; rediscovers the present in the Far East war, and realises at last that there is no escaping it. The author's knowledge of France and the period has enabled him to write a highly romantic, picturesque story.

MISS JOAN GRANT'S "Winged Pharaoh" was almost a psychic evocation of ancient Egypt. She returns to the wizard Nile in **"Lord of the Horizon"** (Methuen, 9s. 6d.), a story centring on the life of Amenemhet I, the Pharaoh who feared to be a tyrant, transcended the guilt which was nearly his undoing, fostered kindness from cruelty, tolerance from bigotry, and ended, like Diocletian, among his roses, a lover of simple things, beloved by children. "My grandchildren had never liked me when I was only Pharaoh, but now they accept me. . . ." Miss Grant is at her best in this serene ending; her tale has deep vision and beauty.

Victoria Grant, moving in a slick London set, is the kind of woman to whom friends say: "The trouble about you, Victoria, is that you only strike on the box!" and, "It's a miracle—incredible—where, darling, do you put your food?" True to set, she takes a lover, and is gratified to be told: "Darlings, how good for you both. It wasn't natural for you, darling, to be as you were—all inhibited." But Vicky gets down to something more exacting when she marries—for the sake of an heir—her lover's brother, Sir David Stonor, and feels compelled to tell him of the previous flutter, all but wrecking what has become a true union. Miss Eve Orme resolves the conflict to our satisfaction in a very human story, **"First Light"** (Rich & Cowan, 8s. 6d.).

From June to October, 1940, when the sinking of the "City of Benares" stopped the Children's Overseas Reception Scheme, 3,500 were evacuated to Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and U.S.A. In **"Pilgrim Children"** (Muller, 6s.) Miss Jean Lorimer tells their story, mainly through letters they sent home, and others exchanged between parents and foster-parents.

END

..you lucky people

...I've found a tin of Nescafé

A cup of good coffee, fragrant and stimulating, made in a jiffy, right in the cup! Nescafé, concentrated coffee in powder form, is indeed a boon; no mess, no grounds, no bother. But unfortunately it is not possible, under present conditions, to supply increasing demand; grocers must be rationed. Still, what a lucky thing when you *do* get a tin of Nescafé!

NESCAFÉ

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

N.1

Dorothy Gray

A name you would like to see more often these days . . .

A name that has always meant the individual and scientific care of your skin.

A name that when you find it is your assurance of preparations that are still made to the exact formulas of pre-war days, blended from the same rich ingredients with the same skilled care . . .

A name to remember when Dorothy Gray preparations again become fully available, for then their care can be constant and the nourishing oils and soothing unguents will help to smooth away the tell-tale lines of war-tired skins.

Issued by Dorothy Gray Ltd. Dorothy Gray is a Reg. Trade Mark.

"Tell me, doctor...

. . . what are the important properties of an antiseptic for personal use?"

In the first place an antiseptic must kill germs. But, more than that, it must kill them without damaging the tissues they have invaded. It must be selective - able to tell a good germ from a bad one. An antiseptic for personal use must be non-toxic, non-corrosive, stable, and persistent in the presence of blood or pus; and, for preference, agreeable in use. These are the properties of an antiseptic which medical science has anxiously sought since germs first came to be understood.

In the modern antiseptic 'Dettol' these qualities are united and combined; and today in our great hospitals, and in private practice, doctors, surgeons and nurses use 'Dettol' to protect their patients, and themselves, from the menace of septic infection.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

DETTOL Trade Mark THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

Conserve 'Dettol' for Medical and Surgical purposes. Do not use for sinks, drains, etc.

"BARBARA"

A Tomorrow will dawn when imagination can have free rein again — when colour and loveliness can be added to craftsmanship and quality, to express the exhilaration of peace-time days. That is the glory to come. TODAY — we are making WAUKEEZI ORIGINALS with all the charm and style war-time restrictions permit, still finely made, good-looking shoes. They are obtainable in strictly limited quantities, from DOLCIS, LILLEY & SKINNER, MANFIELD, SAXONE and other high-grade shoe shops.

"Waukeezi" ORIGINALS

Each Shoe a Model Shoe—as Exclusive as a Model Gown!

WAUKEEZI SHOE CO., LTD., 5, ST. GEORGE'S STREET, NORTHAMPTON

Venereal VD Diseases

This is an extract from one of the many letters received and permission has been given by the writer to use this extract.

"Ashamed to have treatment"

"Will you please give me more information about this V.D., and can a person be cured now who has had it for nearly 8 years, because I know of one who has had it all this time but is too ashamed to go and have it seen to?"

The Doctor replies:

"During the last few years methods of treatment have greatly improved and a case of even 8 years' duration stands a very good chance of cure. To postpone treatment any further is to run very grave risks of damage to vital organs—damage which may get beyond repair. That is why we urge anybody who has reason to suspect infection to get skilled treatment at once. Besides, until treated and cured a sufferer is a menace to others. The person you refer to must seek treatment at once. These diseases can be cured and they must not be neglected."

FREE CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE AND TREATMENT ARE AVAILABLE at clinics set up by County and County Borough Councils. Any doctor will give the address. Further information can be obtained IN CONFIDENCE from the Health Department at your local Council's offices, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Dept. M-10 WM, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1. All replies are sent in plain envelopes.

Issued by the Ministry of Health and Central Council for Health Education
(M-10-30)

Wings Over The Convoy

(*Continued from page 20*)

I was disappointed. The Sunderland's immediate role was not so much to seek and destroy as to locate and observe enemy craft, leading the escorts to the scene of battle.

"We might spot another Hun any minute," the second pilot explained.

Meantime we flew in wide circles around the yeasty brew that was far-spreading on the sea, flattening the waves.

The escorts were coming towards the spot hell-belt for the election, their funnels smoking notably, and I realised, from that height, what a lovely, deadly thing a hurrying destroyer is.

IT is not often that a visiting layman gets a front seat for a U-boat killing; that day I was fortunate. Their almost miraculous gadgets—Asdics, radiolocation sets and what have you—showed quite plainly to the Royal Navy what the prey was trying to do. It had practically every dimension in which to manœuvre, save that its submersion was limited, and surfacing meant immediate death. I thought I saw occasional bubbles rise in the sea in the wake of the escorts; I must have been right, for of a sudden up shot a regular bouquet of waterspouts.

"They'll get him!" diagnosed the captain of the Sunderland. The destroyers and frigate had now settled on a definite programme of action: they were behaving like well-trained hounds. Quite a wide area of sea was being quartered as they ran circles around. Their speed appeared incredible; and I knew the submerged speed of the victim was no greater than ten knots, possibly less.

We ran our half-monotonous circle round the arena, until "Up she rises!" chanted the rear gunner through the inter-com. The captain obligingly turned to give me a fair view. As my eyes focused I saw a vicious red flash stab the day below, then another, another—and smoke swirls rose from the Navy's quick-firers. Then I saw the ugly thing rising through the swirls—as vicious-seeming as a shark.

To-day's U-boat is contrived to take punishment as well as give it; but this one got more than it could handle.

To say the U-boat was smothered with shell bursts is to put it mildly: it was overwhelmed.

Our front seats enabled us to watch details, probably unobserved by the Navy. The U-boat was like a swimmer striving to avoid going down for the third time. It hurled upwards and forward; and as it did so more shell bursts flowered on the tormented hull. Then came a big explosion, visible even at our distance: a chunk of material was torn away. The Navy might have burst its shells in the torpedo chamber. The bow part dipped, and the tail lifted—a haze of spray about the still-whirling screws. Then the foam patch widened and whitened, and anon there was nothing but the foam.

Any day now we shall hear that a perfect protective umbrella stretches clean across the vulnerable oceans. "Seek and destroy!" is Coastal Command's working motto.

THE small, fast aircraft carriers bracketed with our ocean convoys, are doing their share, too; but carriers are almost as vulnerable to torpedo attack as are corvettes and destroyers; and when they go their aircraft are homeless, often gravely imperilled.

The shore-based aircraft is proving the required answer to the U-boat threat.

END

Gold Evades The Nazi

(*Continued from page 16*)

in Paris and the provinces, its escape in case of emergency covered by plan "X." Those responsible for the safety of the nation's wealth listened anxiously to the news of defeat and retreat. They knew that among Hitler's main objectives were those yellow millions, that he and his hirelings would do everything possible to delay the bullion's departure, or to capture it even before France's final collapse. Towards the vaults Hun panzers raced at phenomenal speed, and, metaphorically, day and night a thumb was poised over the button that'd set plan "X" in motion. The shattering of the Somme defence line saw 14,000 sacks containing almost the whole of France's gold reserve heaped into lorries, private cars, vans, even on to handcarts. It had started on the first lap of its exciting journey to the mighty vaults beneath the mountain-top fortress of Desaix, Martinique. The gold's guards knew that Quislings, and possibly the Gestapo, too, lurked by the way; and they expected to be bombed. But the bullion reached its destination—a dockside against which the cruiser *Emile Bertin* was tied.

Her vital cargo stowed away under armed guard, the cruiser stood out to sea. Where was she bound? If she headed south the gold was destined for Dakar; if north then it was heading for Britain. Captain Battet opened his sealed orders. Commands carried by speaking tubes and phones saw the cruiser's prow lean towards the west; the engine-room telegraph tinkled, the turbines thudded evenly and the ship steamed at thirty knots towards—Nova Scotia.

Possibly U-boats sought the gold-laden ship. She would have been a worthy target. But the cruiser eluded Hun raiders, and a misty June dawn saw the *Emile Bertin* enter Halifax harbour.

THE gold was safe. But that same morning the ship's radio brought fresh news—Pétain was asking for a separate armistice and the gold must be rushed to Martinique in case Britain decided to impound it as the price of France's "double cross."

Meanwhile, special trains were ready to take the gold to Montreal. British officers boarded the *Emile Bertin* to learn when the bullion was to be landed. Captain Battet played for time. He must, he said, await instructions from Paris. Somewhat mystified, the British officers stepped ashore. But they were not kept in the dark for long. The following night, while Halifax slept, the *Emile Bertin's* propellers gripped the sea, sent the gold-laden ship running for the open sea. All her twenty-nine guns were manned in case the coastal batteries and the weapons at the citadel should seek to prevent her escape. Seeking to avoid the British Navy the French cruiser swung wide of Bermuda at top speed.

WHERE was the *Emile Bertin* bound? Fort de France, Martinique. There, native soldiers carried the 14,000 gold-filled sacks up the mountain, and into the heart of the fort of Desaix. Guarded by 2,000 French troops, by an aircraft carrier, and at least 100 planes, and by the battleship *Jules Ferry*, whose guns have a twenty-three miles range, guarded by several lesser ships and the island's coastal batteries. France's 250 golden millions slumbered beneath a great slab of steel and concrete. Making sure that the Hun would not grab the island and its bullion, American warships hung round Martinique until the island's Vichy rulers came to an agreement with the U.S.

One of the most thrilling stories of the war features a handful of patriots who snatched Greece's gold from under Nazi noses, whisked it thousands of miles away to a secret destination. Unfortunately, this really grand tale of plot and counter-plot, of determination and courage, cannot be told at present. There are other tales which will remain untold until peace returns. When the war is over and the censor is dead the full story of "Refugee Gold" will read like the wildest fiction.

END

Pomeroy still serves Beauty

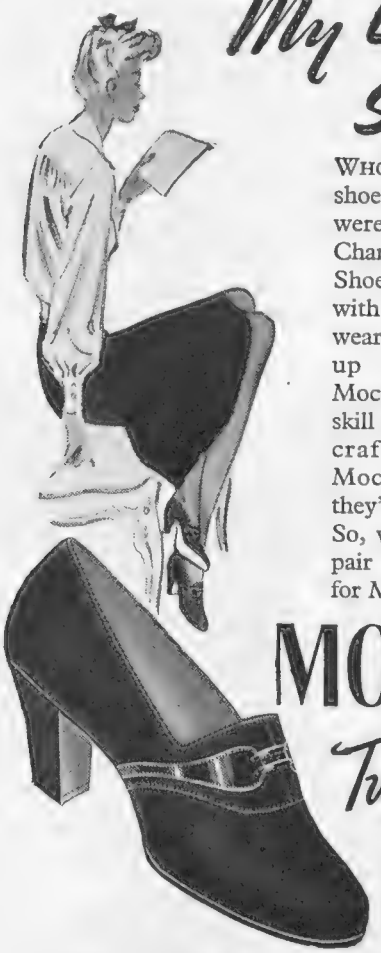
She walks in beauty
like the night
Of cloudless climes
and starry skies;
And all that's best
of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and eyes
BYRON

JEANNETTE POMEROY BEAUTY PRODUCTS ★ 27 Old Bond St., W.1.

Pomeroy Skin Food Pomeroy Beauty Milk Pomeroy Cleansing Cream
Pomeroy Day Cream Pomeroy Lipstick Pomeroy Powder

Prices from 2/10 to 16/6 ★ Inclusive of Purchase Tax

My Lady's Secret!



WHO would believe that the shoes she wore when shopping were the same she wore to the Charity Concert? But Moccasin Shoes are cleverly styled to go with morning or afternoon wear. And, in order to stand up to this double duty, Moccasin Shoes are built with skill and care to *last*. Good craftsmanship goes into Moccasin Shoes whether they're Utility or otherwise. So, when you buy your next pair of shoes, why not ask for Moccasin?

MOCCASIN

Two purpose Shoes

REGD.

PADMORE & BARNES LTD., NORTHAMPTON

Nurses are needed

A new call to the Nation's need

Nursing is a key profession in our National well-being. Nurses are needed to give us fitness for battle, and when the time comes, for peace. Fill in the coupon for details of the war job that can be your career.

FREE UNIFORMS
Hospital Authorities provide full indoor uniform for their nurses.

NEW SALARY SCALE
The reports of the Rushcliffe and Taylor Committees herald far-reaching changes.

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A LITTLE GOES A LONG WAY

The Man From The Islands (*Continued from page 32*)

the file and, dodging the bullets of the guard, vanished in the surf, waving an arm and shouting madly, their immobility was only briefly disturbed. When Thédé looked again, shading his eyes with a brown, work-calloused hand, the calm water beyond the surf was once more unruffled.

He saw, too, the sugar and tobacco plantations, with the long lines of gaunt men with hollow cheeks and sunken, lack-lustre eyes who worked in them. He saw the mess table at night, and the rows of wooden bowls. He saw the guard lounging at the door.

In half an hour it would be bedtime, and he would lie restlessly in his rope hammock and stare through the open door of the hut into the murmurous, tropical night. And he would dream of France, plan a hundred escapes, and think of the sharks, and death in the wild interior, over on the mainland which raised a long, low outline, distant by a day's labour in a rude boat.

And seeing these things once again he sighed heavily, and went inside.

THE ancient songs of this old quarter of Bohemian Paris came in gusto from the open windows of the inner room at Thédé's, but between the songs that evening conversation halted unaccountably. Thédé, moving noisily among the tables and shouting boisterously as always, found a less than wonted response to his invitation to mirth. He was uneasily conscious that something had happened.

At the zinc bar outside, newcomers were exchanging the rumours of it with meaning eyes and muttered exclamations of interest, astonishment or alarm. There had been trouble, he gathered, with the police. A couple of men, fighting over a girl, had abandoned their private quarrel to punish an *agent cycliste* who had unwisely interfered. Knives had been drawn, and the policeman was dead. A not unusual event in that turbulent neighbourhood at one time, but the first that had happened in two years.

It was Thédé's business, however, to see nothing and to know nothing. He did not want to know. Violence hurt him. The sense of *bourgeois* security, the atmosphere of modest well-being, the vanity of a trivial but esteemed personal success, had grown upon him in these years, had erected between himself and his other days a high protective wall of oblivion.

But, knowing nothing and caring to know nothing, he could not evade the uneasy consciousness that in one corner of the room, at the table principally occupied by a young man with a bony face, a red neckerchief and the beginnings of a beard, a nervous apprehension reigned.

The young man, whom he knew only by his sobriquet of Dudu the Bull, was morose and silent, and, unlike his companions, was not drinking. In the attitude of the other young men at the table, in their silences, their exclamations, their laughter, Thédé found what his suspicions urged, found that which he wanted ardently, gloomily and savagely not to know.

That night he closed and barred the shutters of his wineshop with hands that trembled and feet that lagged, and his thoughts were troubled with vague apprehension.

For two days Thédé sat blinking in the sunlight on his terrace, savouring in his throat the sweet airs of spring and feeling in his bones a warmth that could not, however, dispel the coldness settling round his heart. On the third morning a familiar figure laboured slowly, hat in hand, up the cobbled hill.

As it approached the terrace of the *débit de vins*, Thédé rose deliberately from his bench and breathing heavily, like an old man suddenly aware of his age, walked past the zinc bar, past his daughter-in-law Ninette, into the little kitchen. He looked for a moment out through the window, and then indicated, without turning round, a chair to the red-faced man whose footsteps he had heard follow his own.

The other, with over-elaborate caution, closed and locked the door, sat himself heavily down on a wicker-seated chair.

"We are going, is it not, to understand each other?" he began cheerfully.

"Of course. Of course. Naturally," murmured Thédé.

"We are going to do a little business together, an affair satisfactory to both of us."

"What do you want from me?" rumbled Thédé from the depths of his beard.

"It is, let us admit, exactly eight years, seven months and some days since a certain August Legré—*un nommé Legré, Auguste*," he recited, with the precise intonation of a clerk at the law courts—"a convict, convicted of murder and larceny, escaped from the penal settlement in Guiana. It is exactly seven years and two days since a certain Théodore Grousset, *débitant de vins et tabac*, dealer in wines and tobacco, of parents and origin uncertain, became tenant of this so admirable establishment in Montmartre."

"What do you want?" asked Thédé.

"We are not disposed to trouble you, do you hear?" he heard the man from the Police Judiciaire resume. "We are willing to leave you alone. But on conditions. *Naturellement.* Conditions are always insisted upon. You must be useful to us. A word dropped to us now and then, nothing more. A word of great assistance about your clients here, your so amusing customers. You could be very useful. *Enormément.*"

And suddenly rising to his feet and walking quickly and silently to the window, with a quickness and a silence in strange contrast to his slow, noisy, matter-of-fact manner a few minutes before, the red-faced man began to whisper rapidly in Thédé's ears: a whispering in which certain words had a terrible significance, a sound as of fatality, in the old man's mind.

That evening, while Dudu the Bull leaned gloomily over the zinc bar of a steaming *bistro* near the Central Markets, two porters grumblingly pushed open the door of the establishment, and nodding to the patron, ordered drinks in tired, irritable tones.

The market-porters drank noisily, argued a little over the payment of the drink, and went out. A quarter of an hour passed and Dudu remembered that he was hungry, that he had not eaten since noon. He paid for his drinks and slouched through the doorway.

Outside the door two shadows mingled with his, one on either side, and a hand fell heavily on his shoulder. Dudu the Bull uttered a curse that was strangled in his throat by the urgent desire to weep, and allowed himself to be led away. Six months later the sharp edge of the guillotine removed his head, and the Republic had avenged her murdered policeman.

In his most boisterous humour, Thédé stood rumbling encouragement in the middle of his room.

Outside, a summer night shed its delicious languor. Voices murmured in the warm obscurity of the garden. The noise of feet, the shuffling movements of chairs and tables, the surge and swing of male voices, the bursts of laughter, the murmur of resumed conversation after the songs, came floodingly out into the garden from the opened windows. At the bar near the door the white arms of Ninette moved tirelessly, poured ceaselessly from the bright-labelled bottles. The young Marcel, her husband, stood talking easily to casual acquaintances at the bar.

Suddenly, out of the warm, still night a sound of urgent feet was heard on the flagstones of the terrace, and in the narrow doorway, illumined in the flare of the gas-jet, half-obscured by the deep night, the confused figures of men moved, jostled, strained, struck and were struck with blows that the tumult rendered idle. During the commotion, sudden and incomprehensible to those inside, one of the struggling figures detached itself from the dark mass at the door and stepped stealthily to the window.

In the middle of the room the astonished, vaguely apprehensive, angry face of Marcel was visible, and behind it the squat bulk and fur bonnet of Thédé, roaring ominously. The figure at the window drew a weapon from his

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pocket, fired twice hastily in the middle of the room and vanished into the shadows.

Thédé, stooping over the body of his son, caught the outlines of a significant phrase, "The Bull . . . Dudu . . . his brother," before the angry face paled and the dying man was dead.

The police came, cleared the house of most of its curious, awed spectators, coughed noisily, interrogated witnesses, took ludicrous measurements and marked useless and obliterated footmarks. Finally, they came to Thédé, silent in his kitchen, and without a trace of respect for the blank, enigmatical mask of the old man's face demanded to know if he could identify the assassin; if his son had uttered, before dying, any word that might inculpate the murderer.

Confronted by that challenge, and in the face of a group of police inspectors on whose blue uniforms the yellow light fell in hard, bold lines, the man from the islands remained for several moments in a melancholy reverie. Then, ploughing his beard with nervous fingers, he spoke with a deep booming anger.

"*Rien. Rien.* Nothing at all," he rumbled. "Not a word. I know nothing. It is the inevitable, that's all."

He repeated sadly, over and over again, the word "Nothing," and anger going out of his voice like wind out of a sail, leaving it flat and dead.

END

—And This Only Two

(*Continued from page* 37)

THE SLEEVES

Cast on 88 sts. in blue. Work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 4 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 30 sts. Cast off.

Work second sleeve in mulberry.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side seams, putting two mulberry sides together. Sew mulberry yoke piece to casting off of blue side by its decreasing edge (it will reach partly across to mulberry side of front). Now sew blue yoke piece in same manner. Sew shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, easing for 4 ins. across shoulder, and putting mulberry sleeve to mulberry yoke. Sew buttons to back of neck and make loops to fasten.

END

An Appointment With His Son

(*Continued from page* 19)

the snout beyond his feet: "Dark. Come back and get the aid kit. Mr. Woods and Sparks."

As he talked his trained hands had been testing everything. He found that, for all her injuries, the plane was sound. He knew the orders for the flight when it had left the rest: "*Reconnoitre south to Heligoland, passing to westward before turning home and bombing warships as occasion serves.*" This was quite clear, and nothing that had happened need prevent obedience.

But every fibre in him seemed to pull him round towards home.

It was not the risks of going on. The Rock was bristling with guns and swarms of fighters nested there. At any moment he might run out into clear sky and the waiting Messerschmitts. Yet it was not his fear that made the urge to turn so great—his pride was strong enough to cope with that. What drew him was the homely scruple of a simple man, the wish not to break a promise given his infant son.

The pull to turn felt irresistible and he was letting her bear off towards the west when suddenly he realised it could not be.

All in a flash it showed quite clear: the war, which till then had seemed impersonal and quite apart from what drew him so hard towards home, he now saw was imperative to its well-being. With the war lost, none of the things he dreamed of for his son could come about. Though it might mean that he would not get back at all, much less in time, his deepest loyalty lay (*Continued on page* 68)

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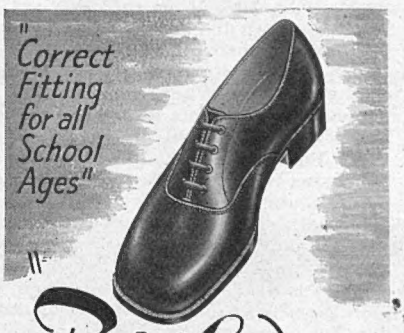

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towards this struggle with an enemy who would enslave the land in which his son must live.

He pondered this some moments and was sure that Anne would think the same, and slowly his chin grew dogged and his lips more set. Then he shook his head to clear his son's face from the compass dial, the bomber banked and swung back on her course due south.

Now Dark, who had crawled back from the snout, came up beside him, pulled back his headphones and yelled in his ear : " Sparks is gone, sir. Right through the head."

It was his first experience of death, and for a while he sat quite still considering it.

Then he licked his lips, which had grown dry, and started down to find clear air.

He flew the ship and fought to clear his brain of everything but what he had to do. The undamaged engines thundered on. The top-gunner, whom he had told to test the radio, reported it as smashed.

Slowly the mist grew thinner and he saw the sea. Then, five miles on, he made out Heligoland, like a toy seascape far below. His heart jerked and he grabbed Dark's arm. Turning in for the harbour was a heavy cruiser with destroyer escort, doubtless the force the squadrons had been sent to intercept, more to the north. He pulled up into cover of the cloud again and told Dark : " One of the Hurricanes. We'll take her at two thousand. Hurry."

Dark ducked out to his bomb sights in the glassed-in snout.

Tubby reached to the bomb-selector and set all his pins, then stopped the engines, drew in his breath and went into a glide to get as close as possible before they spotted him.

The cessation of the engines left a silence broken only by the whistling of the wings, and for a short while he slid downward in deceptive safety. Then from the Rock twin jets of flame stabbed up, and, well ahead, two black smoke puffs burst out. He switched on engines, roared down full out and levelled at two thousand for the bombing run.

At once on warships, docks and Rock the guns spat fire. Puffs of black smoke sprang all around him.

Then the bomb-aimer told him : " Bombs gone," and as he pulled up in a climbing turn two tons of bombs were whistling down towards the ships, which broke to dodge like startled fish.

What happened then he never did quite know. There were two crimson flashes and two stunning cracks. The bomber shuddered and then reared up like a wounded bird. She stalled and toppled, then when she'd gripped the air again roared around in a skidding turn. He found that neither ailerons nor rudders worked, and as she started " going in " fought with them desperately. Then they were freed and he controlled her, though she felt all wrong.

He turned to find out what had happened and was astonished to look down the fuselage to open sky. The after-turret, set behind the rudders, had been shot away ; a flapping panel of the hood was what had jammed the steering gear. Turret, its guns and gunner, had all disappeared.

The instant abolition of that blasphemous Australian shocked Tubby more than anything that had occurred that day. One moment he was there with his lean face, fierce energy and raucous wit, then he was so completely gone. In Tubby's awe it took an effort to get down to finding out what ailed the ship.

There was no balance and no life in her. She hogged and sagged, and there was play in places where no play should be. But power and wings were sound, and, though she handled badly, she still flew and was gaining height.

Flying her now was heavy work, but he was headed home and the fact made it light.

After forty minutes he was wet with sweat and getting tired. There was bright sunshine here, which turned the grey, empty sea to blue. It raised the whole crew's spirits, though they could not forget Dick Limbrey, quiet beneath his blanket on the narrow bunk, and " Digger " Cummin, struck in one blazing instant to confront that One on whom he had so often called, not reverently.

He checked the time again. It was past four, and he was half-way home. His spirits rose still higher as he saw he could be home by five, late, but still there to keep his word.

Beyond the open sky which they were crossing, now appeared a vast dark cloud. The roaring of the engines drowned the thunder in it, but as he neared the lightning lit its heart from time to time. He did not like it but he could not dodge it without losing time or going lower than he cared to do.

The sunlight turned to mist and the mist thickened till he flew in semi-darkness, holding course by his instruments, half his mind wondering if the play in his controls was worse, the other in the little house across the moor where he so wished to be. Ahead, the flickering grew brighter, lighting the cloud from time to time, but all went well and he was feeling safer when there came a blue-white flash that blinded him, and a tremendous rending crack.

He recovered to a sense of sickness, with the smell of brimstone and the ship gone mad. Down she went, spinning and shuddering, through the dark cloud and out a thousand feet above the sea, while he tried every trick he knew to straighten her.

She kept on falling until, just as he'd given up hope, he caught her, pulled up her nose and flew her fifty feet above the sea.

After the shell had hit her he had told the crew to clear the rubber boat. Dark, scared and pale, had seen the latest damage and came clambering up. " She's done, sir. Boat's ready. Put her down 'fore she falls apart."

But Tubby did not answer. He was staring west. So long as the damned crate could fly she'd head for home, by God. He had a date.

Now he could see their newest injuries. The whole top fabric of the port wing had been ripped away, baring the ribs, and of the starboard only parts remained. It was the wind worrying through the tattered wings that made her struggle so. But still she flew. Somehow, as well, he swore, she'd climb. He had three hundred feet of cliffs to cross.

Somebody clutched his arm. He turned, and saw the turret gunner with a beaming face. The fellow pointed north. Through a grey rain squall he made out a convoy with a naval escort, not five miles away. Seeing their trouble a destroyer put on speed and headed out to cross their course, blinking a message with a signal lamp. The gunner yelled joyfully : " O.K., sir. Put her down."

But Tubby shook his head. He'd told his son that if he could he'd be back for the party—and just then he'd made out, far ahead, the coast of home.

" You two jump," he shouted. " Tell Dark. Your belts'll hold you till they pick you up."

But the gunner, not long since a butcher's boy, would not have that. If his pilot stuck, he would.

His eyes fixed doggedly upon the coast, Tubby fought on. He wondered if he had the height to cross the cliff. His meter said so, but what dial was honest in that battered ship? But, once inland, there'd be new danger. He wouldn't be much higher than the tree-tops then. If he did get across he'd have to put her down the first good spot. He'd commandeer some passing car on the excuse of Air Force business and still be home in time, with luck.

He threw the gear that lowered the landing-wheels. The indicator did not change. The shots that injured Woods and Limbrey had put that out too.

Self-reproach seized him. There was no hope now. If he did cross the coast he'd never land that floundering ship without her wheels, and there would not be height enough for parachutes. For his small, sentimental ends, he'd killed himself and three good men.

In the quaint parlour of the little house across the moor, seven infants herded by their mothers played at musical chairs, to a tune played by their hostess, Anne.

They were all riotous except for one, the host, who marched around rebelliously with lip thrust out, just like his father's when his mind was set.

His mother was anxious as she thumped the keys. From where she sat she had seen three flights of bombers wheel in and sink behind the hill, and twice the phone had rung and word of her man's safe landing raised the shadow from the face of some one of her women guests. The fourth flight, not yet home, was Tubby's. It was overdue. And, worse, no word by wireless from it had come in.

Now once again she heard the roar of planes. She braced herself to keep on playing as it rose and neared. It had a ragged beat and was not loud enough for three.

She saw a single ship fly in, injured and dangerously low. It swerved from side to side and rolled continuously, rags of torn fabric streaming from its wings.

Jane Doyle came from the phone. " They won't say who it is. Its wireless doesn't answer. And the wheels haven't come down."

Then Anne saw that the bomber's wheels, indeed, were up. It made a vicious twist, rolled wildly, and then wallowed down behind the hill.

Jane, scared and pale, said : " Let me play. You go and phone."

Seeing the picture of the coming crash, Anne bit her lip. Then she said : " No. If it is Tub, they'll call. If not——" She stood there, gazing straight before her.

Musical chairs were over, they were organising blind-man's-buff when a car swung in before the house. Anne saw it first and ran out to the hall with shining eyes.

Tubby's face, where it was not black with oil, was white, his left arm, numb from clinging to the stick, hung by his side. With his other arm he hugged her tight, leaning upon her for his knees were weak.

She breathed : " Darling ! It was you. I was sure you'd crash."

" Not on your life. No wings, no wheels, set her down on her belly smooth as silk," he bragged.

Bobby shot through the door and hurled himself upon his father. " Daddy ! I'm so glad you've come. I 'spect you had a busy day."

" Yes, son," he told him, " pretty busy. I had to get home for the party, though."

He was astounded at an item that appeared soon after in the squadron orders.

London Gazette, October 1, 1942 :

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Tubby stood for some time with one eyebrow raised, rubbing his nose, and then he said: " I always figured there was something cock-eyed in this hero business."

END

1.8.43

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